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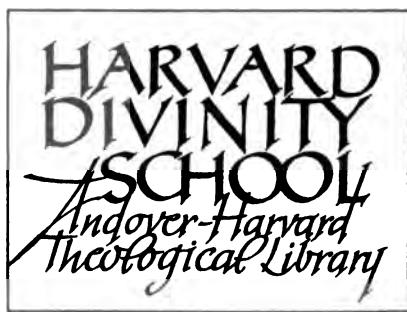
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THE
LYRA SACRA,
OR
SONGS OF THE CHURCH:
CONTAINING ALL THE
PSALMS AND HYMNS
OF THE
Protestant Episcopal Church,
ADAPTED TO
APPROPRIATE TUNES FOR CONGREGATIONAL USE;
TOGETHER WITH THE
CANTICLES FOR MORNING AND EVENING PRAYER,
ARRANGED TO BE SUNG TO
ANTIPHONAL CHANTS.
ALSO,
METRICAL TUNES, CHANTS, GLORIA PATRIS, ANTHEM CHANTS, &c., ADAPTED
TO CHOIR PERFORMANCE, AND A VARIETY OF PLEASING MELODIES,
NEWLY HARMONIZED AND SUITED TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS, SO-
CIAL SINGING, &c. THE WHOLE BEING COMPILED AND
ARRANGED WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO
CONGRGEGATIONAL USE IN

Trinity Parish, New Haven, Conn.

By W. LUDDEN, Director of Music.

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PREFACE.

IN the preparation of a collection of Sacred Music adapted to the wants of Trinity Church, or other Churches desiring to make Congregational singing a prominent feature of public worship, we have felt it our duty to aim at the accomplishment, so far as practicable, of three separate and distinct objects, each one of which seems to us essential to the complete success of the system of Church music which we have adopted.

The purpose of this collection is, then, three-fold:

1. To furnish the requisite number of Chants and Hymn tunes suited to Congregational use.
2. To afford a limited number of Chants, Gloria Patris, Metrical Tunes, Anthem Chants, &c., for the especial and exclusive use of the Church Choir.
3. To make it, by the introduction of easy and pleasing melodies, in some degree adapted to the wants of the Sunday School, to family worship and social singing.

CONGREGATIONAL CHANTING.—There is a popular idea, prevailing in many Churches, that Chanting by the whole Congregation is altogether an impracticable thing. It will, however, serve to correct this impression, if we but reflect upon the true nature of the Chant, and its original use. We know, from their structure, that the Psalms of David must have been chanted, if sung at all, and we have abundant evidence that they were used habitually in the service of the temple, and not merely by trained Choirs of Levites, but by the entire Congregation. In the Antiphonal Chant recently introduced into our public service, where the Congregation respond to the Choir in alternate verses, there is every reason to believe that we approach very closely to the original method of rendering these Psalms in the temple service. Then again, in the Christian Church, Chanting is doubtless the most ancient form of Church melody. As early as the Fourth Century, we have well authenticated accounts of the introduction of the "ancient Antiphonal Chant," derived, as was believed, from St. Ignatius. These Chants, consisting of four Tones, or more properly, four Modes or Scales, were first introduced by St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan. Afterward, four others were added by Gregory, and hence arose the eight Tones commonly known as "Gregorian," which, for nearly fifteen hundred years, have been in continual use in the Christian Church.

The Double Chant, however, is of comparatively modern origin, not dating farther back than the seventeenth century. It is of a more complicated structure, generally not suited to antiphonal purposes, and designed especially for Choir use.

Since the *Antiphonal Chant*, then, is the earliest form of Church music, as well under the old Jewish Dispensation as in the ancient Christian Church, and in its nature fitted for the devotional use of the Psalter by the people, it would seem, that Congregational Chanting is only a return to the "good old way" in which our fathers worshipped. But to make such a return practicable, we must first set aside those modern innovations which render the Chant so complicated and tune-like, and restore it to its original simplicity. The true nature of the Chant has been thus ably and clearly set forth by the author of "The Anglican Chant Book."

"The musical or mechanical structure of a Chant is very simple. Each of its passages consists of one note, to which most of the syllables in each line of poetry are chanted, and which is called the 'reciting' or 'chanting note; and a few of succeeding notes, suited to the last few syllables of the line, which form the 'inflection,' or 'cadence.' A Chant containing two such passages is called a single Chant, as being suited for a single parallelism or verse. A Chant containing four passages, is called a 'double,' or 'quatrain' Chant, and embraces two parallelisms, but is not so well suited to the Hebrew poetry as the former. As no double Chant is traceable further back than the sixteenth century, (a thousand years later than our earliest single Chants,) it must be considered as a corruption arising from the introduction of the modern quatrain stanza.

"The number of *notes* in the cadence is not uniform. In modern chanting there are generally three in the first, or 'medial,' and five in the second, or 'terminal' cadence. The earlier Chants have generally fewer.

"The number of *syllables* to be assigned to the cadence-note also varies. The medial cadence includes two, and the terminal three *accented* syllables, with whatever expletives intervene: but variations from this rule are often required.

"It is most important to understand that the first or *reciting note*, which on paper occupies so small a space, but in practice often absorbs nearly all the words of the line, is the characteristic and principal note of the Chant—that which distinguishes it from all other forms of music—and is the source at once of all its beauty, and all its difficulty. We may indeed call it *the chant*, as the terminal notes, which often attract much more notice, are, according to their names, only a *cadence inflection*, or alteration of tone, and are often wanting altogether.

"The distinguishing principle of the Chant is, that in its origin, and in its truest forms, it is simply *musical recitation—reading or reciting in musical tones*. It is a method by which 'a congregation may, in a pleasing and devotional manner, read together the words of God.' In the tune we seek, as it were, to adorn the words, to increase their emotion by the addition of musical *passages*, of corresponding emotional character. All that the Chant adds to the words is musical *tone*, with terminal inflections, intended to resemble those of ordinary speech.

"The idea of cadence or inflection has been so much departed from and forgotten in modern Chants, and we have come so much to consider the musical cadence as *the chant*, that there may be some difficulty at first, in assenting to this statement. In the earlier and simpler Chants, however, the principle is clearly seen: their cadences often very closely resemble the natural inflections of prayerful or penitential utterance."

Also the following paragraph, from the pen of Dr. Lowell Mason, on Congregational Chanting, is to the point, and well worth consideration.

"It follows, further, that in the performance of the Chants the idea of *recitation* to musical tones should be kept in view, and the common change from vocal time to musical time in passing from the 'reciting note' to the 'cadence,' be avoided. The words belonging to the cadence must not be longer protracted than those belonging to the reciting note. The common practice of gabbling over all the important words sung to the chanting note, and then drawing out into indefinite length the syllables, however unemphatic, of the cadence, is unnatural and absurd in itself, and will utterly preclude Congregational Chanting. No Congregation can recite together except on the plan of uttering all the words in just the time it would take the majority to speak them. And this is the true idea of the Chant. Great attention must be paid to this point by all who would succeed in the revival of Congregational Chanting. With due observance of this, and a little careful practice, any Congregation may soon learn to Chant well, either with or without an organ."

The advantages of the antiphonal method for Congregational use will be apparent when we consider that all the arguments in favor of the responsive reading of the Psalter, or other portion of the service, will apply with equal force to chanting. Imagine, for a moment, a Congregation attempting to read an entire selection, not after the usual method of alternating, but continuously and without interruption, and we can very readily understand how this part of our service would not only cease to be interesting, but become absolutely intolerable.

In the present work, no pains have been spared to introduce such Chants as are best adapted to antiphonal effect. First on the list stand the *Gregorian Tones*, they being the most simple and natural, and least likely to draw off the attention from the sentiments of the language; then the best of the single Anglican Chants, such as have their chanting note low, and are of easy intonation. Also Double Chants, which, from a peculiarity of construction, are capable of being used responsively. These last named have their first and third parts similar, (either just the same or with a close musical relation,) while their second and fourth parts are unlike. This description of Chant has proved so acceptable in our Church service during the last few months, that care has been taken to adapt one of the kind to each of the Canticles in morning and evening prayer. Other modern Double Chants have been selected, not from their fitness for Congregational use, but because of their popularity, and with the expectation that they will only be used when the chanting is exclusively by the choir.

PSALM AND HYMN TUNES.—The largest part of the Metrical Tunes in this collection have been selected with reference to Congregational use. Among them will be found many of the old familiar Chorals, which have been restored to their original form, by lengthening the initial and terminal note of each line, thereby permitting a more spirited and rapid articulation of the intervening notes. In this way, that dull and heavy style of performance, so often heard in our churches, may be avoided. (See Dundee, The Old Hundredth, &c.) But while we would not underrate the choral form of metrical tunes, still we would suggest, what our own experience has taught us, that the movement indicated by the figures $\frac{2}{4}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$ is, practically

P R E F A C E.

just as well adapted to Congregational use, and is far better calculated to awaken devotional feeling and to stimulate our hearts and voices into greater activity, as we join in the praises of the Sanctuary. For an illustration of this movement, see such tunes as Azmon, Lebanon, Consolation, &c.

CHOIR TUNES.—A considerable number of the tunes inserted are only adapted to Choir use. But the Hymns set to such are generally introduced a second time, in connection with Congregational tunes. The same may be said of others, set to tunes of a not strictly ecclesiastical type, but designed more especially for the Sunday School and Home Circle.

In the adaptation of Psalms and Hymns, great pains have been taken with such as are believed to be in general use. The old associations between Hymns and Tunes are preserved so far as has seemed consistent with their fitness. But many of the Selections, and some of the Hymns, are so utterly lacking in a lyrical style of construction, that any attempt at adaptation must necessarily be entirely unsatisfactory. Also in the general arrangement of this work, the unsystematic condition of a portion of the contents will be evident. This is in a great measure owing to the serial method by which its publication was at first attempted.

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In conclusion, the editor would desire to express the obligation he is under to the Rector of Trinity Church, Rev. E. Harwood, (with whom the idea of introducing Congregational singing first originated,) for his assistance and counsel in the preparation of this work; also to Mr. James M. Mason, Chairman of the Musical Committee, for rendering important aid. He would further gratefully acknowledge valuable contributions from the following gentlemen, *viz.:*

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VENITE, EXULTIMUS DOMINO.

RESPONSIVE CHANT.

Cantor. O COME, let us sing un- · to the · Lord : let us heartily rejoice in the · strength of · our sal- · vation.

Decani. Let us come before his presence · with thanks- · giving : and shew ourselves : glad in · him with · psalms.

Cant. For the Lord is a · great= · God : and a great · King a- · bove all · gods.

Dec. In his hand are all the corners · of the · earth : and the strength of the · hills is · his= · also.

Cant. The sea is his, · and he · made it : and his hands pre- · pared the · dry= · land.

Dec. O come, let us worship · and fall · down : and kneel be- · fore the · Lord our · Maker.

Cant. For he is the · Lord our · God : and we are the people of his pasture, and the · sheep of · his= · hand.

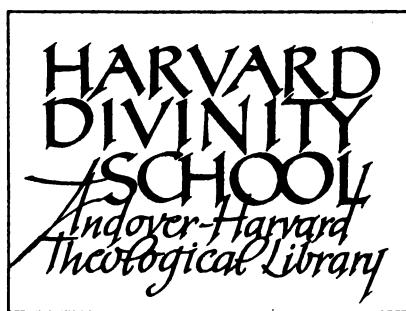
Dec. O worship the Lord in the · beauty of · holiness : let the whole earth · stand in · awe of · him.

Cant. For he cometh, for he cometh to · judge the · earth : and with righteousness to judge the world, and the · peo-ple · with his · truth.

Cho. Glory be to the Father, · and · to the · Son : and · to the · Ho-ly · Ghost :

As it was in the beginning, is now, and · ev-er · shall be : world with- · out end · A=men.

NOTE. The words *Cantor* and *Decani*, are used, in this collection, to denote the alternate singing of two Choirs, the *Decani* being placed near the Chancel, while the *Cantor* occupy the Organ Gallery. Those portions marked *Cho.* are to be sung by both Choirs.





Cho. Glory be to the Father · and to the · Son : and · to
 the · Ho-ly · Ghost ;
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and · ev-er- · shall
 be : world with- · out end. · *A* = · men.

EVENING PRAYER.

CANTATE DOMINO.

DOUBLE CHANT.

LUDDEN.

Cant. O SING unto the · *Lord* a new · song : for · he hath
 done · mar-vel-lous · things.

Dec. With his own right hand, and with his · ho-ly · arm :
 hath he · gotten him- · self the · victory.

Cant. The Lord declared · *his sal- · vation* : his righteousness
 hath he openly shewed · in the · sight of the · heathen.

Dec. He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward
 the · *house of · Israel* : and all the ends of the world
 have seen the sal- · va-tion · of our · God.

Cant. Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, · *all ye · lands* :
 sing, re- · joice and · give= · thanks.

Dec. Praise the Lord up- · on the · harp : sing to the harp
 with a · *psalm of · thanks= · giving*.

Cant. With trumpets · also and · shawms : O show your-
 selves joyful be- · fore the · *Lord the · King*.

Dec. Let the sea make a noise, and all that · *there-in* · is :
the round world, and · *they that* · *dwell there-* · in.
Cant. Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be
joyful together be · *fore the* · *Lord* : for he · *cometh to* ·
judge the · *earth*.
Dec. With righteousness shall he · *judge the* · *world* : and
the · *peo-ple* · *with=* · *equity*.
Cant. Glory be to the Father, · *and to the* · *Son* : and · *to*
the · *Ho-ly* · *Ghost* :
As it was in the beginning, is now, and · *ev-er* · *shall*
be : *world with-* · *out end* · *A=* · *men*.

BONUM EST CONFITERI.

IT is a good thing to give thanks un- · to the · Lord :
and to sing praises unto thy · name, O · most= · Highest.
To tell of thy loving kindness · early in the · morning :
and of thy · truth in the · night= · season.
Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- · on the ·
lute: upon a loud instrument, · and up- · on the · harp.
For thou Lord hast made me glad · through thy ·
works : and I will rejoice in giving praise for the oper- ·
· a-tions · of thy · hands.
Glory be to the Father, · and to the · Son : and to
the · Ho-ly · Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and · ev-er · shall
be : world with- · out end · A= · men.

DEUS MISEREATUR.

Dec. That thy way may be · known up-on · earth : thy saving · health a · mong all · nations.

Cant. Let the people praise · thee, O · God : yea, let · all the · peo-ple · praise thee.

Dec. O let the nations rejoice · and be · glad : for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the · na-tions · up-on · earth.

Cant. Let the people praise · thee, O · God : yea, let · all the · peo-ple · praise thee.

Dec. Then shall the earth bring · forth her · increase : and God, even our own · God shall · give us his · blessing.

Cant. God · = shall · bless us : and all the ends of the · world shall · fear= · him.

Cho. Glory be to the Father · and to the · Son : and · to the · Ho-ly · Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and · ev-er · shall be : world with- · out end · A= · men.

BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA.

Cant. PRAISE the Lord, · O my · soul : and all that is within me · praise his · ho-ly · Name.

Dec. Praise the Lord, O my · soul : and for- · get not · all his · benefits.

Cant. Who forgiveth · all thy · sin : and heal-eth · all thine in- · firmities ;

Dec. Who saveth thy · life from de- · struction : and crown-eth thee with · mercy and · lov-ing · kindness.

Cant. O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that ex- · cel in · strength : ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken unto the · voice of · his= · word.

Dec. O praise the Lord, all · ye his · hosts : ye servants of · his that · do his · pleasure.

Cant. O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of · his do- · minion : Praise thou the · Lord= · O my · soul.

Cho. Glory be to the Father, · and to the · Son : and · to the · Ho-ly · Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and · ev-er · shall be : world with- · out end · A= · men.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

Cant. GLORY be to · God on · high : and on earth · peace, good · will tow'rds · men.

Dec. We praise thee, we bless thee, we · wor-ship · thee : we glorify thee, we give thanks to · thee for · thy great · glory.

Cant. O Lord God, · heav'n-ly · King : God the · Fa-ther · Al-mighty.

Dec. O Lord, the only begotten Son · Je-sus · Christ : O Lord God, Lamb of · God, Son · of the · Fa-ther.

Cant. That takest away the · sins of the · world : have mercy · up-on · us.

Dec. Thou that takest away the · sins of the · world : have mercy · up on · us.

Cant. Thou that takest away the · sins of the · world : re- · ceive our · prayer.

Dec. Thou that sittest at the right hand of · God the · Father : have mercy · up-on · us.

Cant. For thou · only art · Holy : thou · on-ly · art the · Lord.

Dec. Thou, only, O Christ, with the · Ho-ly · Ghost : art most high in the · glory of · God the · Father. Amen.

LAUDATE DOMINUM.

For the Thirtieth Day.

Cant. O PRAISE God in his · ho-li- · ness : praise him in the · firma-ment · of his · power.

Dec. Praise him in his · no-ble · acts : praise him according · to his · excel-lent · greatness.

Cant. Praise him in the · sound of the · trumpet : praise him up- · on the · lute and · harp.

Dec. Praise him in the · cymbals and · dances : praise him up- · on the · strings and · pipe.

Cant. Praise him upon the · well tuned · cymbals : praise him up- · on the · loud= · cymbals.

Dec. Let every thing that hath breath · praise the · Lord : let every thing that · hath breath · praise the · Lord.

Cant. Glory be to the Father, · and · to the · Son : and · to the · Ho-ly · Ghost ;

Dec. As it was in the beginning, is now, and · ev-er · shall be : world with- · out end · A= · men.

PSALM FOR EASTER DAY.

IN PLACE OF THE VENITE.

Cant. CHRIST our passover is · *sacri-ficed* · *for us* : therefore · *let us* · *keep the* · *feast* ;

Dec. Not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of · *malice and* · *wickedness* : but with the unleavened bread · *of sin-* · *cerity and* · *truth*.

Cant. CHRIST being raised from the dead · *dieth no* · *more* : death hath no · *more do* · *min-ion* · *over him*.

Dec. For in that he died, he died unto · *sin=* · *once* : but in that he liveth, he · *liv-eth* · *un-to* · *God*.

Cant. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed · *un-to* · *sin* : but alive unto God through · *Je-sus* · *Christ our* · *Lord*.

Dec. CHRIST is risen · *from the* · *dead* : and become the first · *fruits of* · *them that* · *slept*.

Cant. For since by · *man came* · *death* : by man came also the resur- · *rec-tion* · *of the* · *dead*.

Dec. For as in · *Adam all* · *die* : even so in Christ shall · *all be* · *made a-* · *live*.

Cho. Glory be to the Father, · *and to the* · *Son* : and · *to the* · *Ho-ly* · *Ghost* ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and · *ev-er* · *shall be* : world with- · *out end* · *A=* · *men*.

RESPONSES TO THE DECALOGUE.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to · *keep this* · *law*.

AFTER THE TENTH COMMANDMENT.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these thy laws in our · *hearts we be-* · *seech=* · *thee*.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

BRADBURY.

O thou to whose all searching sight, The darkness shin - eth as the light;
 Search, prove my heart; it looks to thee, O burst its bonds and set me free.

HYMN 60. L. M.

1. O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the night,
Search, prove my heart; it looks to thee,
O burst its bonds, and set it free.
2. Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
Bind my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
3. If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while thou, my God, art near.
4. When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
5. Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee:
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

HYMN 66. L. M.

St. John, xix. 30.

1. 'Tis finish'd; so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died;
'Tis finish'd: yes, the work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2. 'Tis finish'd: all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as long designed,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3. 'Tis finish'd: Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore:
The sacred vail is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4. 'Tis finish'd: this my dying groan,
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this, my last expiring breath.

5. 'Tis finish'd: heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

6. 'Tis finish'd: let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finished: let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth
and sky.

SELECTION 80.

From the cii Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

1. WHEN I pour out my soul in prayer,
Do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace
Let my sad cry ascend.
2. O hide not thou thy glorious face
In times of deep distress;
Incline thine ear, and, when I call,
My sorrows soon redress.

3. My days, just hastening to their end,
Are like an evening shade;
My beauty does, like wither'd grass,
With wan'ning lustre fade.

4. But thine eternal state, O Lord,
No length of time shall waste;
The memory of thy wondrous works
From age to age shall last.

CORINTH. C. M.

1. How oft, a - las! this wretched heart Has wandered from the Lord!

LOWELL MASON.

How oft my ro - ving tho'ts de - part, For - get - ful of his word.

HYMN 58. C. M.

2. How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears:
My weak resistance, ah, how vain,
How strong my foes and fears.

3. O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4. Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5. Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

6. O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

SELECTION 32. C. M.

From the xxxviii. Psalm of David.

1. THY chastening wrath, O Lord, restrain,
Though I deserve it all;
Nor let on me the heavy storm
Of thy displeasure fall.

2. My sins, which to a deluge swell,
My sinking head o'erflow,
And for my feeble strength to bear,
Too vast a burden grow.

3. But, Lord, before thy searching eyes
All my desires appear;
The groanings of my burden'd soul
Have reach'd thine open ear.

4. Forsake me not, O Lord, my God,
Not far from me depart:
Make haste to my relief, O thou
Who my salvation art.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

HYMN 59. C. M.

- How oft, alas ! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord :
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word !
- Yet sovereign mercy calls, " Return ; "
Dear Lord, and may I come ?
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
O, take the wanderer home.
- And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove ?

And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love ?

- Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine ;
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.
- Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore :
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

DENNIS. S. M.

NAGELL

1. In mer - ey not in wrath, Re - buke me, gra - cious God !

Lest, if thy whole dis - plea - sure rise, I sink be - neath thy rod.

SELECTION 6. S. M.

From the vi. Psalm of David.

- Touch'd by thy quickening power,
My load of guilt I feel ;
The wounds thy Spirit hath unclosed,
O let that Spirit heal.
- In trouble and in gloom,
Must I forever mourn ?
And wilt thou not, at length, O God,
In pitying love return ?
- O come, ere life expire,
Send down thy power to save ;
For who shall sing thy Name in death,
Or praise thee in the grave ?
- Why should I doubt thy grace,
Or yield to dread despair ?
Thou wilt fulfill thy promised word,
And grant me all my prayer.

SELECTION 44. S. M.

From the li. Psalm of David.

- HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind ;
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.
- Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin ;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.
- Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight, [damn'd,
Have I transgress'd ; and, though con -
Must own thy judgment right.
- In guilt each part was form'd
Of all this sinful frame ;
In guilt I was conceived and born,
The heir of sin and shame.

5. Yet, Lord, thy searching eye
Does inward truth require ;
And secretly with wisdom's laws
My soul thou wilt inspire.
6. With hyssop purge me, Lord,
And so I clean shall be :
I shall with snow in whiteness vie,
When purified by thee.
7. Make me to hear with joy
Thy kind forgiving voice ;
That so the bones which thou hast
broke
May with fresh strength rejoice.
8. Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view :
Create in me a heart that's clean,
And upright mind renew.
9. Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight ;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.
10. The joy thy favour gives,
Let me, O Lord, regain,
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.
11. So I thy righteous ways
To sinners will impart ;
Whilst my advice shall wicked men
To thy just laws convert.
12. Could sacrifice atone,
Whole flocks and herds should die ;
But on such off'rings thou disdainst
To cast a gracious eye.
13. A broken spirit is
By God most highly prized ;
By him a broken, contrite heart,
Shall never be despised.
14. Let Zion favour find,
Of thy good will assured ;
And thy own city flourish long,
By lofty walls secured.
15. The just shall then attend,
And pleasing tribute pay ;
And sacrifice of choicest kind
Upon thy altar lay.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be
To all eternity.

SELECTION 104. S. M.

From the cxxx. Psalm of David.

1. From lowest depths of woe
To God I sent my cry ;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.
2. Should'st thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear ?
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.
3. My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord ;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.
4. My longing eyes look out
For thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.
5. Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows ;
The plenteous source and spring from
whence
Eternal succor flows :
6. Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey ;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away.

HYMN 196. S. M.

1. O, WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul :
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
2. The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh :
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
3. Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love.
4. There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath :
O, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death.
5. Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
For evermore undone.

CAMPBELL. L. M.

MODERN HARP.

1. My God, permit me not to be A stranger to my-self and thee:
 A-midst a tbousand thot's I rove, For-get-ful of my high-est love.

HYMN 57. L. M.

2. Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And all my purest joys forego ?
3. Call me away from flesh and sense ;
 Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence :
 I would obey the voice divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.

HYMN 175. L. M.

Not ashamed of Christ.

1. JESUS ! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee !
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days !
2. Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
 Let night disown each radiant star ;
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
 Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
3. Ashamed of Jesus ! O, as soon
 Let Morning blush to own the sun ;
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
4. Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?
 No ; when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.

5. Ashamed of Jesus ! empty pride,
 I'll boast a Saviour crucified ;
 And, O, may this my portion be,
 My Saviour not ashamed of me !

HYMN 186. L. M.

Heaven seen by Faith.

1. As when the weary trav'ler gains
 The height of some commanding hill,
 His heart revives, if o'er the plains
 He sees his home, though distant still ;
2. So, when the Christian pilgrim views
 By faith his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting strength renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.
3. The hope of heaven his spirit cheers ;
 No more he grieves for sorrows past ;
 Nor any future conflict fears,
 So he may safe arrive at last.
4. O Lord, on thee our hopes we stay,
 To lead us on to thine abode ;
 Assured thy love will far o'erpay
 The hardest labours of the road.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
 Be glory, as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

LITANY. III. 1. or 7s.

Arranged from WERKE, by W. L.

SA-viour, when in dust to thee, Low we bow th'a-dor-ing knee

When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;

O, by all thy pains and woe, Suf-fered once for man be - low.

Bend-ing from thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny.

HYMN 56. III. 1.

2. By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness :
By thy vict'ry in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power ;
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
Hear our solemn litany.
3. By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds—thy crown of thorn ;

By thy cross—thy pangs and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice :
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
Hear our solemn litany.

4. By thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save :
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

HYMN 128. III. 1.

1. **SINNERS**, turn, why will ye die ?
God, your Maker, asks you, why ?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live ;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the works of his own hands :
Why, ye thankless creatures, why ?
Will ye cross his love, and die ?
2. **Sinners**, turn, why will ye die ?
God, your Saviour, asks you, why ?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will you let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why ?
Will ye slight his grace and die ?
3. **Sinners**, turn, why will ye die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you, why ?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love :
Will ye not his grace receive ?
Will ye still refuse to live ?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die ?

SELECTION 105. III. 1.

From the cxxxl. Psalm of David.

1. **Lord**, forever at thy side,
Let my place and portion be ;
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.
2. Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath revealed ;
Thou hast spoken—I believe,
Though the oracle be seal'd.
3. Humble as a little child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.
4. Israel now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust ;
Him, in all his ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

HYMN 129. III. 1.

1. **HASTEN**, sinner, to be wise ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
2. **Hasten**, mercy to implore ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;

Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3. **Hasten**, sinner, to return ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.
4. **Hasten**, sinner, to be blest ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

HYMN 143. III. 1.

Christ our Refuge.

1. **JESUS**, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
O, receive my soul at last !
2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me ;
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my hope from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

HYMN 167. III. 1.

Morning.

1. Now the shades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come :
Lord, may we be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.
2. Fill our souls with heav'nly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight :
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we labour, watch and pray.
3. Keep our haughty passions bound ;
Save us from our foes around ;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.
4. When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last ;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heav'nly shore.

Holy Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in one !
Glory, as of old, to thee,
Now, and evermore shall be !

AZMON. C. M.

GLASER.

1. Come Ho - ly Spir - it, Heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

HYMN 75. C. M.

2. See how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys :
 Our souls, how heavily they go,
 To reach eternal joys !
3. In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
 In vain we strive to rise !
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
4. Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers ;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 95. C. M.

1. **A**ND are we now brought near to God,
 Who once at distance stood ?
 And to effect this glorious change,
 Did Jesus shed his blood ?
2. O for a song of ardent praise,
 To bear our souls above !
 What should allay our lively hope,
 Or damp our flaming love ?
3. Then let us join the heav'nly choirs,
 To praise our heav'nly King ?
 O may that love which spread this board,
 Inspire us while we sing :
4. "Glory to God in highest strains,
 And to the earth be peace ;
 Good-will from heaven to men is come,
 And let it never cease !"

HYMN 63. C. M.

1. **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nail'd to the shameful tree ;
 How vast the love that him inclined
 To bleed and die for me !
2. **H**ark, how he groans ! while nature
 shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend !
 The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.
3. 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid ;
 "Receive my soul !" he cries ;
 See where he bows his sacred head !
 He bows his head and dies !
4. But soon he'll break death's envious
 chain,
 And in full glory shine ;
 O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine ?

HYMN 156. C. M.

1. **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne, let this,
 My humble prayer arise :
2. Give me a calm and thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee :
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
 My life and death attend,
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

MASON. III. 3. or 8a & 7a. Double, or III. 4.

Arranged from English Melody.

1. Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee, For the bliss thy love be-stows;

FINE.

For the pard'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows;
 D. a. Thou must light the flame, or nev-er Can my love be warmed to praise.

D. C. AL SEGNO.

Help, O God, my weak endeavor; This dull soul to rap-ture raise;

HYMN 150. III. 3.

2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,

Wretched wand'rer, far astray;

Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee From the paths of death away;

Praise, with love's devoutest feeling, Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,

And, the light of hope revealing, Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

3. Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling,

Vainly would my lips express: Low before thy footstool kneeling,

Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:

Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure, Love's pure flame within me raise;

And, since words can never measure, Let my life show forth thy praise.

HYMN 61. III. 4.

Isaiah. lxiii. 1-4.

1. Who is this that comes from Edom, All his raiment stained with blood,

To the captive speaking freedom, Bringing and bestowing good; Glorious in the garb he wears, Glorious in the spoil he bears?

2. 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious, Trav'ling onward in his might; 'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious To his people is the sight! Satan conquered, and the grave, Jesus now is strong to save.

3. Why that blood his raiment staining? 'Tis the blood of many slain; Of his foes there's none remaining, None, the contest to maintain: Fall'n they are, no more to rise, All their glory prostrate lies.

4. Mighty Victor, reign forever, Wear the crown so dearly won! Never shall thy people, never, Cease to sing what thou hast done: Thou hast fought thy people's foes, Thou hast heal'd thy people's woes.

BOARDMAN. II. 8. Or II. 3.

1. { Sing to the Lord, a new made song, Let earth in one assembled throng,
Her common Patron's praise resound; Sing to the Lord and bless his name, }
D. C. To heathen lands his fame rehearse, His wonders to the uni- verse.

From day to day his praise proclaim, Who us has with sal-va-tion crowned;

SELECTION 75. II. 8.

From the xvi. Psalm of David.

2. He's great, and greatly to be praised ;
In majesty and glory raised
Above all other deities ;
For pageantry and idols all
Are they whom gods the heathen call ;
He only rules who made the skies :
With majesty and honour crown'd,
Glory and strengthh is throne surround.
3. Be glory then to him restored
By all who have false gods adored :
Ascribe due honour to his Name,
Peace-offering on his altar lay,
Before his throne your homage pay,
Which he, and he alone can claim :
To worship at his sacred court,
Let all the trembling world resort.
4. Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose power the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore :
Let therefore heaven new joys confess,
And heavenly mirth let earth express,
Its loud applause the ocean roar,
Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.
5. For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring,
And tuneful harmonies awake :
Behold ! in truth and justice clad,
God comes to judge the world he made,
And to himself its throne to take :
He's come, to judge the world he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

HYMN 34. II. 8.

1. GREAT God ! this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected pow'rs,
Gladly we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours :
O may our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.
2. All-seeing God ! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore,
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And, where thou art, intrude no more :
O may thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above !
3. Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart :
Then shall the day indeed be thine ;
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.
4. PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive
moan
Hath taught each scene the note of wo ;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow ;
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, and heal thy wound.
2. Come, freely come, by sin opprest,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load ;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God :
Thy God's thy Saviour ! glorious word !
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord !

SHEPHERD. II. 4. Or H. M.

1. We give immortal praise, To God the Father's love, For all our comforts here, For
all our comforts here, and all our hopes above; He sent his own Eternal Son, To die for sin. That man had done.

HYMN 79. II. 4.

2. To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by his blood
From everlasting wo:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3. To God the Spirit, praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dread sinner live:
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4. Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honours done;
The sacred Persons three,
The Godhead only one:
Where reason fails
With all her powers,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

HYMN 35. II. 4.

1. In loud exalted strains,
The King of glory praise:
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days:

But Zion, with his presence blest,
Is his delight, his chosen rest.

2. O King of glory! come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thy own.
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

3. Now let thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted to the skies:
Now let thy gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4. Here may the list'ning throng,
Imbibe thy truth and love:
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so,
For evermore.

SANFORD. IV. 1. or 5a & 6a.

*

1. How wondrous and great, Thy works God of praise; How just, King of saints, And true are thy ways; O

And hon - or
O who shall not fear thee, And honor thy name : Thou only art ho-ly, Thou on-ly supreme.

HYMN 109. IV. 1.

Rev. xv. 3. 4.

2. To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown ;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to thy throne :
Thy truth and thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's every people
Confess thee their God.

SELECTION 128. IV. 1.

¶ From the cxlix. Psalm of David.

1. O PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great assembly to sing:
In their great Creator let Israel rejoice ;
And children of Zion be glad in their King.

2. Let them his great name extol in their songs,
With hearts well attuned his praises express ;
Who always takes pleasure to hear their glad tongues,
And waits with salvation the humble to bless.

3. With glory adorn'd, his people shall sing
To God, who their heads with safety doth shield ;
Such honour and triumph his favour shall bring :
O, therefore, forever all praise to him yield !

SELECTION 59. IV. 1.

From the lxxvi. Psalm of David.

1. The name of our God
In Israel is known ;
His mansion beloved
Is Zion alone :
There broke he the arrows
The enemy hurl'd,
And honour'd his mountain
Above all the world.

2. The pride of thy foes
Is turn'd to thy praise ;
Their fierceness o'er-ruled
Thy providence sways :
Their sin overflowing
Thy power will restrain ;
Thy arm on the wicked
New glory will gain.

3. Ye nations, to God
Vow homage sincere ;
Devote to him gifts,
Love, worship, and fear !
Before him, ye mighty,
Your spirits repress !
Ye high, and ye humble,
His wonders confess !

By angels in heav'n
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd ;
To God in three persons,
One God ever bless'd,
As it has been, now is,
And ever shall be.

FOSTER. III. I. Or 7a.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

Who are these in bright ar-ray, This in-nu-mer-a-ble throng,

Round the al-tar, night and day, Tun-ing their tri-umphant song,
Wis-dom, rich-es, to obtain; New do-min-ion ev-ery hour.

Wor-thy is the Lamb once slain, Blessing, hon-or, glo-ry, power,

D. C. al Segno.

HYMN 201. III. 1.

Rev. vii. 9, 4c.

2. These through fiery trials trod ; .
These from great affliction came ;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his eternal Name :
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3. Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead ;
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
Perfect love dispels their fears ;
And, for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

HYMN 88.

PART I. III. 2.

1. PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;

Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ :
All to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2. All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain :
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3. Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores :
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4. Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams :
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

WOODLAND. C. M.

NATIONAL CHURCH HARMONY.

1. O praise the Lord, for he is good, His mercies ne'er decay; That his kind favors ev - er last, That his kind fa - vors ev - er last, Let thankful Israel say.

SELECTION 96. C. M.

From the cxviii. Psalm of David.

2. Their sense of his eternal love
Let Aaron's house express;
And that it never fails, let all
That fear the Lord confess.
3. Far better 'tis to trust in God,
And have the Lord our friend,
Than on the greatest human power
For safety to depend.
4. The Lord has been my help; the praise
To him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my strength,
He only claims my songs.
5. Joy fills the dwelling of the just,
Whom God has saved from harm;
For wondrous things are brought to pass
By his almighty arm.
6. He, by his own resistless power,
Has endless honour won;
The saving strength of his right hand
Amazing works has done.
7. God will not suffer me to fall,
But still prolongs my days;
That, by declaring all his works,
I may advance his praise.
8. When God had sorely me chastised,
'Till quite of hopes bereaved,
His mercy from the gates of death
My fainting life repreived.
9. Then open wide the temple gates
To which the just repair,
That I may enter in, and praise
My great Deliverer there.

10. Within those gates of God's abode
To which the righteous press,
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,
Thy holy Name I'll bless.
11. That which the builders once refused
Is now the corner-stone:
This is the wondrous work of God,
The work of God alone.
12. This day is God's; let all the land
Exalt their cheerful voice:
"Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice."
13. Him that approaches in God's name
Let all th' assembly bless;
"We that belong to God's own house
Have wish'd you good success."
14. God is the Lord, through whom we all
Both light and comfort find;
Fast to the altar's horns with cords
The chosen victim bind.
15. Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
I'll praise thy holy Name;
Because thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy fame.
16. O then with me give thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praise
Be endless as his love.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

SELECTION 112. C. M.

From the cxxxviii Psalm of David.

1. **W**ITH my whole heart, my God and King,
Thy praise I will proclaim ;
Before the mighty I will sing,
And bless thy holy Name.
2. **I**'ll worship at thy sacred seat,
And, with thy love inspired,
The praises of thy truth repeat,
O'er all thy works admired.
3. **T**hou graciously inclin'dst thine ear,
When I to thee did cry ;
And, when my soul was press'd with fear,
Didst inward strength supply.

HYMN 177. III. 3.

Prayer for Guidance.

1. **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.
2. **O**pen now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through.
3. **F**eed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness ;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner ;
Be the Lord my righteousness.
4. **W**hen I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

HYMN 144. IV. 4.

1. **H**ow firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word ;
What more can he say than to you he
hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.
2. **F**ear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-
may'd,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
3. **W**hen thro' the deep waters I call thee
to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to
bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4. **F**or God, although enthroned on high,
Does thence the poor respect ;
The proud, far off, his scornful eye
Beholds with just neglect.
5. **T**hough I with troubles am oppress'd,
He shall my foes disarm,
Relieve my soul when most distress'd,
And keep me safe from harm.
6. **T**he Lord, whose mercies ever last,
Shall fix my happy state ;
And, mindful of his favours past,
Shall his own work complete.

4. **W**hen through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy
supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only de-
sign,
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to
refine.
5. **T**he soul that to Jesus hath fled for re-
pose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor
to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

COME, let us adore Him ; come, bow at his
feet ;
O give Him the glory, the praise that is
meet ;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the
skies.

SELECTION 110. II. 4.

From the cxxxvi Psalm of David.

1. **T**o God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat ;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great :
For God does prove
Our constant friend :
His boundless love
Shall never end.
2. **T**o him, whose wondrous power
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
Your grateful homage pay :
For God, &c.

8. By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought ;
The heavens by his command
Were to perfection brought :
For God, &c.
4. He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land ;
And bade the rising ground
Above the waters stand :
For God, &c.
5. By him the heavens display
Their num'rous hosts of light,
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night :
For God, &c.
6. He, in our depth of woes,
On us with favor thought :
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought :
For God, &c.
7. He does the food supply
On which all creatures live :
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give :
For God will prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

HYMN 189. III. 2.

1. Rock of ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
2. Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone ;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee !

HYMN 69. III. I.

1. CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply !

2. Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the sea
Christ has burst the gates of he
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.
4. Soar we now where Christ hath le
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like him, like him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies

Holy Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One !
Glory, as of old, to thee,
Now, and evermore shall be !

HYMN 187. IV. 4.

"I would not live alway."—Job vii. 16.

1. I would not live alway ; I ask not
Where storm after storm rises da
the way ;
The few lurid mornings that dawn
here,
Are enough for life's woes, full e
for its cheer.
2. I would not live alway, thus fette
sin ;
Temptation without, and corruptio
in :
E'en the rapture of pardon is m
with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with
tent tears.
3. I would not live alway ; no—welco
tomb,
Since Jesus hath laid there, I dre
its gloom ;
There, sweet be my rest, till he b
arise,
To hail him in triumph descendin
skies.
4. Who, who would live alway, awa
his God ;
Away from yon heaven, that k
abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o
bright plains,
And' the noon tide of glory etc
reigns :
5. Where the saints of all ages in ha
meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, trans
to greet ;
While the anthems of rapture unce
roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the ft

ADVENT. III. 1. or III. 3. or 7s.
1st time. Soprano Solo.

Subject from HINCK.



2. { Hail ! thou long-ex-pect-ed Je-sua, Born to set thy peo-ple free ;
From our fears and sins re-lace us, Let us (Omit).



Long de-sired of ev-ery na-tion, Joy of (Omit).



find our rest in thee. Is - rael's strength and con - so -



ev - ery wait - ing heart.

D. C.



HYMN 42. III. 8.

born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

7 thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
7 thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN 203. III. 8.
less'd be thou, the God of Israel,
Thou, our Father, and our Lord ;

Bless'd thy Majesty for ever,
Ever be thy name adored.

- 2 Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness,
Glory, victory, are thine own ;
All is thine in earth and heaven,
Over all thy boundless throne.
- 3 Riches come of thee, and honor ;
Power and might to thee belong ;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only thine to make us strong.
- 4 Lord our God, for thee, thy bounties,
Hymns of gratitude we raise ;
To thy Name, for ever glorious,
Ever we address our praise.

TAPPAN. L. M.

KINGSLEY.

HYMN 96. L. M.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues:

3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Yes, Lord, we love, and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more;
And, whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.

5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd;
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

6 Let humble, penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving love impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

SELECTION 68. L. M.

From the lxxxi. Psalm of David.

1 Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn, my tongue
Thy never failing truth shall tell.

2 I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
Thy mercy shall for ever last;
Thy truth, that does the heavens sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.

3 Thus spak'st thou by thy prophet's voice:
"With David I a league have made;
To him, my servant, and my choice,
By solemn oath this grant convey'd:

4 "While earth, and seas, and skies endure,
Thy seed shall in my sight remain;
To them thy throne I will ensure,
They shall to endless ages reign."

5 For such stupendous truth and love,
Both heaven and earth just praises owe,
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.

6 What seraph of celestial birth
To vie with Israel's God shall dare;
Or who among the gods of earth
With our Almighty Lord compare?

7 With reverence and religious dread,
His saints should to his temple press;
His fear through all their hearts should
spread,
Who his Almighty Name confess.

8 Lord God of armies, who can boast
Of strength or power like thine renown'd?
Of such a numerous, faithful host,
As that which does thy throne surround?

9 Thou dost the lawless sea control,
And change the prospect of the deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll;
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.

ROCK OF AGES. III. 2. Or 7a. 6 Lines.

1 & 2 3 Fine.

HYMN 189. III. 2.

2. Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

HYMN 111. III. 1.

1. Glory to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.
2. Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.
3. Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost;
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.
4. Glory in the Highest be
To the blessed Trinity,

For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

HYMN 83. III. 2.

PART I.

1. Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ:
All to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.
2. All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
3. Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
4. Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

BELLINI. C. M. Double.

Arranged by M. N. WHITMORE.

1st time.

2d time.

HYMN 184. C. M.

3. In each event of life, how clear'
Thy ruling hand I see :
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.
4. In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
5. When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
6. My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

SELECTION 85. C. M.

From Psalm xli.

1. Happy the man whose tender care
Believes the poor distress'd !

When troubles compass him around,
The Lord shall give him rest.

2. The Lord his life with blessings crown'd,
In safety shall prolong ;
And disappoint the will of those
That seek to do him wrong.
3. If he in languishing estate,
Oppress'd with sickness lie ;
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.
4. Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my prayer addressed :
"Lord, for thy mercy, heal my soul,
Though I have much transgress'd."
5. Thy tender care secures my life
From danger and disgrace ;
And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still
Before thy glorious face.
6. Let therefore Israel's Lord and God
From age to age be bless'd ;
And all the people's glad applause
With loud Amens express'd.

DEVOTION. III. 3, or 7a.

Sa-viour, source of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to grate - ful lays;
 Streams of mer - cy, never ceas - ing, Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

HYMN 18* III. 3

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
 Sung by raptured saints above;
 Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
 While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 Thou, to save my soul from danger,
 Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,
 Safe through life thus far I've come ;
 Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
 Bring me to my heavenly home.

HYMN 86. III. 3.

1 Saviour, who thy flock art feeding,
 With the shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs thy bosom share ;

2 Now, *these* little ones receiving,
 Fold *them* in thy gracious arm ;
 There, we know, thy word believing,
 Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never from thy pasture roving,
 Let *them* be the Lion's prey ;
 Let thy tenderness so loving,
 Keep *them* all life's dangerous way :

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
 Let *them* find a resting-place ;

Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of thy grace.

SELECTION 118. III. 3.

From the cxlv. Psalm of David.

1 God, my King, thy might confessing,
 Ever will I bless thy Name ;
 Day by day thy throne addressing,
 Still will I thy praise proclaim.

2 Honour great our God befitteh ;
 Who his majesty can reach ?
 Age to age his works transmitteth,
 Age to age his power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all thy glory,
 On thy might and greatness dwell,
 Speak of thy dread acts the story,
 And thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
 Works by love and mercy wrought ;
 Works of love surpassing measure,
 Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
 Slow to anger, vast in love,
 God is good to all creation ;
 All his works his goodness prove.

6 All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee,
 Thee shall all thy saints adore ;
 King supreme shall they confess thee,
 And proclaim thy sovereign power.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. IIa, or IV. 4.

1. Come, let us adore Him; come, bow at his feet; O give Him the glo-ry, the
 praise that is meet; Let joy-ful ho-san-nas un-ceas-ing a-rise, And join the full
 chorus that gladdens the skies; And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

HYMN 144. IV. 4.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
 What more can he say than to you he hath said,
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
 I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

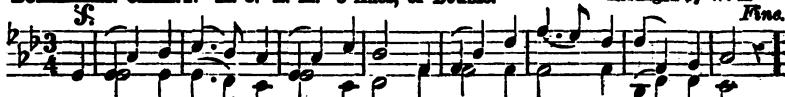
3 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
 The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
 Thy dress to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake,
 I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

6 Father Almighty, to thee be address'd,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever bless'd,
 All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

BOHEMIAN CHANT. II. 3. L. M. 6 lines, or Double.

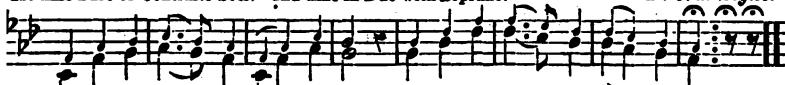
Arranged by W. L.
Finch.

O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry, Tho' all my crimes before thee lie!
d. c.—Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart, Nor hide thy presence from my heart.



1st time Bass or Contralto Solo. 2nd time in Duo with Soprano.

D. C. al Segno.



{ Behold them not with angry look, But blot their memory from thy book.
{ Create my nature pure within, And form my soul a - verse to sin; }



HYMN 185. L. M.

cannot live without thy light,
out and banish'd from thy sight:
holly joys, my God, restore,
guard me that I fall no more.

ugh I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
help and comfort still afford;
let a wretch come near thy throne,
lead the merits of thy Son.

roken heart, my God, my King,
I the sacrifice I bring;
God of grace will ne'er despise
oken heart for sacrifice.

soul lies humbled in the dust,
owns thy dreadful sentence just;
k down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
save the soul condemn'd to die.

en will I teach the world thy ways;
ers shall learn thy sovereign grace;
ead them to my Saviour's blood,
they shall praise a pardoning God.

ay thy love inspire my tongue,
ation shall be all my song;
all my powers shall join to bless
Lord, my strength and righteousness.

HYMN 60. L. M.

1. O Thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it looks to thee,
O burst its bonds, and set it free.
2. Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
Bind my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
3. If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while thou, my God, art near.
4. When rising floods my soul o'flow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
5. Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee:
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given;
By all on earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

CONSOLATION. C. M. Double.

Arranged from the GERMAN. *

As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase; So longs my soul, O
God, for thee, And thy re-fresh-ing grace. For thee, my God, the living God, My
thirsty soul doth pine; O! when shall I behold thy face, Thou Majesty Divine!

SELECTION 36. C. M.

From Psalm xlii.

8. Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Trust God ; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.
4. God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn ;
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn ?
5. My heart is pierced, as with a sword,
While thus my foes upbraid :
"Vain boaster, where is now thy God ?
And where his promised aid ?"
6. Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Hope still ; and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

HYMN 200. C. M.

1. Should nature's charms, to please the eye,
In sweet assemblage join,
All nature's charms would droop and die,
Jesus, compared with thine.
2. Vain were her fairest beams display'd,
And vain her blooming store :
Her brightness languishes to shade,
Her beauty is no more.
3. But, ah, how far from mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells :
A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.
4. O, could my longing spirit rise
On strong immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour and my King !
5. There, thousands worship at thy feet,
And there, divine employ,
The triumphs of thy love repeat
In songs of endless joy.

DEVOTION. II. 3. Or L. M. 8 lines.

Arranged.

When gath'ring clouds a-round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain, Experienced every human pain;
He feels my griefs, he sees my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.

HYMN 180. II. 8.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies:
Then He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And, oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside

My bed of death, for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

HYMN 9. II. 3.

Psalm xxiii.

1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

AVON. C. M. Double.

Scottish Melody.

1. O thou, to whom all creatures bow Within this earth-ly frame,
 Thro' all the world how great art thou! How glo- rious is thy name!

SELECTION 7. C. M.

From the viii. Psalm of David.

2 In heaven thy wond'rous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

3 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feeble light;

4 O, what is man, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

5 Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train;
Ordain'd with dignity and state
O'er all thy works to reign.

6 They jointly own his powerful sway;
The beasts that prey or graze;
The bird that wings its airy way;
The fish that cuts the seas.

7 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

HYMN 170. C. M.

Evening.

1. Now from the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of love arise ;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2. Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.
3. New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require ;
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

HYMN 133. C. M.

- 1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding place;
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."
- 5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

BRADFORD. C. M.

HANDEL.

Adored for - ev - er be the Lord; His praise I will re-

sound, From whom the cries of my dis - tress A gracious answer found.

SELECTION 23. C. M.

From the xxviii Psalm of David

2. He is my strength and shield ; my heart
Has trusted in his name ;
And now relieved, my heart, with joy,
His praises shall proclaim.
3. The Lord, the everlasting God,
Is my defence and rock,
The saving health, the saving strength,
Of his anointed flock.
4. O save and bless thy people, Lord,
Thy heritage preserve ;
Feed, strengthen, and support their hearts,
That they may never swerve.

HYMN 2. C. M.

- 1 Father of mercies ! in thy Word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.
2. Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
3. Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast ;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4. Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5. O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
6. Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there.

SELECTION 114. C. M.

From the xlii Psalm of David.

1. Lord, in thy sight, O let my prayer
Like morning incense rise ;
My lifted hands accepted be
As evening sacrifice.
2. From hasty language curb my tongue,
And let a constant guard
Still keep the portal of my lips
With wary silence barr'd.
3. From wicked men's designs and deeds
My heart and hands restrain ;
Nor let me share their evil works,
Or their unrighteous gain.
4. Let upright men reprove my faults,
And I shall think them kind ;
Like healing oil upon my head
I their reproof shall find.

CONCONE. III. L Or 7a. Double.

Arranged by C. A. MUNGER.

1. Lord, for ev - er at thy side, Let my place and por - tion be;
 Strip me of the robe of pride, Clothe me with hu - mil - i - ty.

Meek-ly may my soul re - ceive All thy Spi - rit hath re - veal'd;
 Thou hast spoken— I be - lieve, Though the or - a - cle be seal'd.

ALTO. Meek-ly may my soul re - ceive All thy Spi - rit hath re - veal'd;
 TENOR. Thou hast spoken— I be - lieve, Though the or - a - cle be seal'd.

SELECTION 105. III. I.
From the cxxxii. Psalm of David.

3. Humble as a little child,
 Weaned from the mother's breast,
 By no subtleties beguiled,
 On thy faithful Word I rest.

4. Israel! now and evermore
 In the Lord Jehovah trust;
 Him, in all his ways adore,
 Wise, and wonderful, and just.

HYMN 172. III. L

1. Softly now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord, I would commune with thee:

3. Soon, for me, the light of day
 Shall for ever pass away;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

MOZART. L. M.

My soul, for help on God re - ly, On him a - lone thy trust re - pose ;

My rock and health will strength supply, To bear the shock of all my foes.

SELECTION 48. L. M.

From the lxii. Psalm of David.
does his saving health dispense,
and flowing blessings daily send ;
my fortress and defence,
him my soul shall still depend.

im, ye people, always trust ;
fore his throne pour out your hearts ;
God, the merciful and just,
s timely aid to us imparts.

Lord has oft his will express'd,
and I this truth have fully known :
s of boundless power possess'd
longs of right to God alone.

igh mercy is his darling grace,
which he chiefly takes delight ;
will he all the human race
cording to their works require.

HYMN 137. L. M.

that my load of sin were gone,
, that I could at last submit
s'ns' feet to lay it down,
lay my soul at Jesus' feet !

for my soul I long to find ;
vour of all, if mine thou art,
me thy meek and lowly mind,
d stamp thine image on my heart.

3. Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I cannot rest, till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
4. Fain would I learn of thee, my God ;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood ;
The labor of thy dying love.
5. I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

HYMN 89. L. M.

After Sermon.

1. Almighty Father, bless the word, [heard ;
Which, through thy grace, we now have.
O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.
2. We praise thee for the means of grace,
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face :
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here
May all, at length, in heaven appear.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

SICILIAN HYMN. III. 3, or 7a.

Arranged. *

Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy powerful hand.

HYMN 177. III. 3.

Prayer for Guidance.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through.
- 3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield and banner;
Be the Lord my righteousness.
- 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

SELECTION 118. III. 3.

From the cxlv. Psalm of David.

- 1 God, my King, thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless thy Name;
Day by day thy throne addressing,
Still will I thy praise proclaim.
- 2 Honour great our God befitteh;
Who his majesty can reach?
Age to age his works transmitteth,
Age to age his power shall teach.
- 3 They shall talk of all thy glory,
On thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of thy dread acts the story,
And thy deeds of wonder tell.

- 4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought;
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.
- 5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All his works his goodness prove.
- 6 All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee,
Thee shall all thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess thee,
And proclaim thy sovereign power.
- 7 They thy might, all might excelling,
Shall to all mankind make known;
And the brightness of thy dwelling,
And the glories of thy throne.
- 8 Ever, God of endless praises,
Shall thy royal might remain;
Evermore thy brightness blazes,
Ever lasts thy righteous reign.
- 9 Them that fall the Lord protecteth,
He sustains the bow'd and bent:
Every eye from thee expecteth,
Fix'd on thee, its nourishment.
- 10 Thou to all, great God of nature,
Giv'st in season due their food;
Spread'st thy hand, and every creature
Satisfiest still with good.

ECKARDTSHÉIM. C. M.

ANCIENT LYME.

Father, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will de-nies,
Ac-cept-ed at thy throne, let this, My humble prayer, a-rise.

HYMN 156. C. M.

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From ever murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee:

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine
And crown my journey's end.

SELECTION 80.

From the ccl. Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

1 When I pour out my soul in prayer,
Do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace
Let my sad cry ascend.

2 O hide not thou thy glorious face
In times of deep distress;
Incline thine ear, and, when I call,
My-sorrows soon redress.

3 My days, just hastening to their end,
Are like an evening shade;
My beauty does, like withered grass,
With wan-ning lustre fade.

4 But thine eternal state, O Lord,
No length of time shall waste;
The memory of thy wondrous works
From age to age shall last.

HYMN 198. C. M.

Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 There, on a throne (how dazzling bright!)
Th' exalted Saviour shines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.

5 There, shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honours to his Name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

MISSIONARY. L. M.

O Spirit of the living God! In all thy plen - i - tude of grace,

Where'er the foot of man hath trod, Descend on our a - pos - tate race!

HYMN 104. L. M.

- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order, in thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Convert the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call him Lord.

SELECTION 86. L. M.

From the civ. Psalm of David.

- 1 O render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray ;
Who know what's right ; nor only so,
But always practise what they know.

4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

5 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity !
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine !

6 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
His Name eternally confess'd ;
Let all his saints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amens—Praise ye the Lord !

HYMN 29. L. M.

- 1 Triumphant Sion ! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead ;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known ;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread ;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruin shall repair ;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

CHINA. C. M.

Thou, gracious God, art my defence, On thee my hopes re - ly;
 Thou art my glo - ry, and shalt yet Lift up my head on high.

SELECTION 8. C. M.

From the iii. Psalm of David.
 e whensoe'er, in my distress,
 God I made my prayer,
 heard me from his holy hill ;
 hy should I now despair ?

rded by him, I lay me down
 y sweet repose to take ;
 I through him securely sleep,
 ough him in safety wake.

ation to the Lord belongs ;
 e only can defend ;
 blessing he extends to all
 at on his power depend.

HYMN 197. C. M.

long shall earth's alluring toys
 tain our hearts and eyes,
 rdless of immortal joys,
 d strangers to the skies.

ie transient scenes will soon decay,
 ey fade upon the sight ;
 quickly will their brightest day
 lost in endless night.

r brightest day, alas, how vain,
 th conscious sighs we own ;
 e clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
 rshade the smiling noon.

ould our thoughts and wishes fly
 ove these gloomy shades,
 ese bright worlds beyond the sky,
 nich sorrow ne'er invades :

5. There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,
 Or reason's feeble ray,
 In ever-blooming prospects rise,
 Unconscious of decay.
6. Lord, send a beam of light divine,
 To guide our upward aim :
 With one reviving touch of thine
 Our languid hearts inflame.
7. Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
 Our ardent wishes rise,
 [spring,
 To those bright scenes where pleasures
 Immortal in the skies.

SELECTION 97. C. M.

From the exix. Psalm of David.

1. How bless'd are they who always keep
 The pure and perfect way ;
 Who never from the sacred paths
 Of God's commandments stray !
2. How bless'd, who to his righteous laws
 Have still obedient been ;
 And have, with fervent humble zeal,
 His favor sought to win !
3. Such men their utmost caution use
 To shun each wicked deed ;
 But in the path which he directs
 With constant care proceed.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

SPANISH EVENING HYMN. III. 1 or 7a. Double.

1st time.

2d. time.

Jesus, Saviour of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the waves of trouble roll, (Omit.) While the tempest
 d. c.—Safe into the haven guide, (Omit.) O receive my
 still is high: Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 soul at last.

HYMN 148. III. 1.

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my hope from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

SELECTION 87. (PART I.) III. 1.

From the civil Psalm of David.

1 Magnify Jehovah's Name ;
 For his mercies ever sure,
 From eternity the same,
 To eternity endure.

2 Let his ransom'd flock rejoice,
 Gather'd out of every land,
 As the people of his choice,
 Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.

3 In the wilderness astray,
 In the lonely waste they roam,
 Hungry, fainting by the way,
 Far from refuge, shelter, home :—

4 To the Lord their God they cry ;
 He inclines a gracious ear,
 Sends deliverance from on high,
 Rescues them from all their fear :

5 Them to pleasant lands he brings,
 Where the vine and olive grow ;
 Where, from verdant hills, the springs
 Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 O that men would praise the Lord,
 For his goodness to their race ;
 For the wonders of his word,
 And the riches of his grace !

HYMN 129. III. 1.

1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 Wisdom, if you still despise,
 Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 Lest thy season should be o'er,
 Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
 Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 Lest perdition thee arrest,
 Ere the morrow is begun.

FORGIVENESS. C. M.

Arranged from ROSSINI by C. A. MUNGER

SELECTION 32. C. M.

From the xxxviii. Psalm of David.

- 2 My sins, which to a deluge swell,
My sinking head o'erflow,
And for my feeble strength to bear,
Too vast a burden grow.
- 3 But, Lord, before thy searching eyes,
All my desires appear;
The groanings of my burden'd soul
Have reach'd thine open ear.
- 4 Forsake me not, O Lord, my God,
Nor far from me depart;
Make haste to my relief, O thou
Who my salvation art.

HYMN 2. C. M.

- 1 Father of mercies! in thy Word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;

And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see
And still increasing light.

- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there.

SELECTION 97.

From the cxix. Psalm of David.

1. How bless'd are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way;
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray!
4. Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.
5. O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside;
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide!

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

LEBANON. S. M. Double.

J. ZUNDL.

HYMN 176. S. M.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill :
A soul incur'd to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss ;
Ready to take up and sustain
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less ;

This blessing, above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name ;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

6 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me ;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee :
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

EVORA. C. P. M. OR H. 1.

Bass & Swarmer's Ch.

With joy shall I be - hold the day, That calls my will-ing soul a - way,
 To dwell a - mong the blest: For, lo! my great Re - deemer's power
 Un - folds the ev - er - lasting door. And points me to his rest.

HYMN 5. II. 1.

Psalm cxlviii.

Praise from Living Creatures.

1. Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay;
 Let each enraptured thought obey,
 And praise th' Almighty's Name:
 Let heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell th' inspiring theme.
2. Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
 While all the adoring thrones around
 His boundless mercy sing:
 Let every listening saint above
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the sweetest string.
3. Whate'er this living world contains,
 That wings the air or treads the plains,
 United praise bestow;
 Ye tenants of the ocean wide,
 Proclaim Him through the mighty tide,
 And in the deeps below.
4. Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heavenly praise employ;

Spread HIS tremendous Name around,
 While heaven's broad arch rings back the
 sound,
 The general burst of joy.

HYMN 6. II. 1.

Psalm cxlviii.

Praise from the Elements and Works.

1. Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
 Where pure, serene, effulgence reigns,
 Ye scenes divinely fair,
 Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,
 Tell how he formed your shining frame,
 And breathed the fluid air.
2. Join, all ye stars, the vocal choir;
 Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire
 The mighty chorus aid;
 And, soon as evening veils the plain,
 Thou moon, prolong the hallow'd strain,
 And praise him in the shade.
3. Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
 Proclaim the glories of thy God;
 Ye worlds, declare his might;
 He spake the word, and ye were made,
 Darkness and dismal chaos fled,
 And nature sprung to light.

AHIRA. S. M.

From "Root & Swetser's Col."

De - fend me, Lord, from shame, For still I trust in thee;
As just and righteous is thy name, From dan - ger set me free.

SELECTION 26. S. M.

From the xxxi. Psalm of David.

2. Bow down thy gracious ear,
And speedy succour send;
Do thou my steadfast rock appear,
To shelter and defend.
3. To thee the God of truth.
My life and all that's mine,
(For thou preserv'st me from my youth.)
I willingly resign.
4. My hope, my steadfast trust,
I on thy help repose:
That thou, my God, art good and just,
My soul with comfort knows.
5. Whate'er events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.
6. The brightness of thy face
To me, O Lord, disclose,
And, as thy mercies still increase,
Preserve me from my foes.
7. How great thy mercies are
To such as fear thy Name,
Which thou, for those that trust thy care,
Dost to the world proclaim!
8. O all ye saints, the Lord,
With eager love pursue;

Who to the just will help afford,
And give the proud their due.

9. Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed:
For he will still your hearts supply
With strength in time of need.

SELECTION 20. S. M.

From the xxv. Psalm of David.

1. To God, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice;
O let me not be put to shame,
Nor let thy foes rejoice.
2. Those who on thee rely,
Let no disgrace attend;
Be that the shameful lot of such
As wilfully offend.
3. To me thy truth impart,
And lead me in thy way;
For thou art he that brings me help;
On thee I wait all day.
4. Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever kind.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so,
To all eternity.

ARIEL. II. 1.

Dr. L. MASON.

With joy shall I be - hold the day That calls my willing soul a -

... way To dwell among the blest; For lo! my great Redeem-er's power Un -

... folds the everlasting door, And points me to his rest, And points me to his rest.

HYMN 28. II. 1.

Psalm cxxii.

The Church in Glory.

2. Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise ;
Their glory I survey ;
I view her mansions that contain
The angel host, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.
3. Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,
Borne on immortal wing ;
There, crown'd with everlasting joy,
In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ,
Before th' Almighty King.

4. The King a seat hath there prepared,
High on eternal base uprear'd,
For his eternal Son :
His palaces with joy abound ;
His saints by him with glory crown'd,
Attend and share his throne.
5. Mother of cities ! o'er thy head
Bright peace, with healing wings out-
spread,
For evermore shall dwell :
Let me, blest seat ! my name behold
Among thy citizens enroll'd,
And bid the world farewell.

LOUVAN. L. M.

Oh, ren - der thanks to God above, The foun - tain of e - ter - nal love;

Whose mer - cy firm, thro'a - ges past, Has stood, and shall for ev - er stand.

SELECTION 86. L. M.

From the civ. Psalm of David.

2. Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?
3. Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray ;
Who know what's right; nor only so,
But always practise what they know.
4. Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.
5. O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in ful prosperity !
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine !
6. Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
His Name eternally confess'd ;
Let all his saints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amens—Praise ye the Lord !

HYMN 102. L. M.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2. To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head,
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
3. People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.
4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
5. Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
6. Let every creature rise, and bring,
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

GRISWOLD. II. 1. Or C. P. M.

"Root & Sweitzer's Col." By permission.

Although the vine its fruit de - ny, The budding fig - tree droop and die.
 No oil the ol - ive yield; Yet will I trust me in my God.
 Yea, bend re - joic - ing to his rod, And by his grace be healed.

HYMN 208. II. 1.

Habakkuk, iii. 17-19.

2. Though fields, in verdure once array'd,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parch'd by scorching beam;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy; for, though his frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.
3. Though from the fold the flock decay,
Thongh herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,
And round the empty stall;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies;
There, God is all in all.
4. In God my strength, howe'er distrest,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in his love:
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind he makes, and fleet,
To speed my course above.

HYMN 105. II. 1.

1. When, Lord, to this our western land,
Led by thy providential hand,
Our wandering fathers came,
Their ancient homes, their friends in
youth,
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth,
To keep them in thy name.
2. Then, through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost;
Thy temples there arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallow'd by thy rites, by prayer,
And blossom'd as the rose.
3. And O, may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet,
Within our spreading land:
There, brethren from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers, roam;
Still guided by thy hand.

HERBER, G. M.

KINGSLEY.

Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heaven - ly frame,
 A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

HYMN 182. C. M.

Desires after renewed Holiness.

2. Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
3. What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd;
How sweet their memory still:
But now I feel an aching void
The world can never fill.
4. Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
5. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

SELECTION 22. C. M.

From the xxvii. Psalm of David.

1. Whom should I fear, since God to me
Is saving health and light?
Since strongly he my life supports,
What can my soul affright?

2. Henceforth within his house to dwell
I earnestly desire;
His wondrous beauty there to view,
And of his will inquire.
3. For there I may with comfort rest,
In times of deep distress;
And safe, as on a rock, abide
In that secure recess.
4. When us to seek thy glorious face
Thou kindly dost advise;
"Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"
My grateful heart replies.
5. Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,
Nor me in wrath reject;
My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didst so oft protect.
6. Though all of nearest earthly ties,
Me, in my woe, forsake,
Yest thou, whose love excels them all,
Wilt care and pity take.
7. Instruct me in thy paths, O Lord,
My ways directly guide;
Lest sinful men, who watch my steps,
Should see me tread aside.
8. I trusted that my future life
Should with thy love be crown'd;
Or else my fainting soul had sunk,
With sorrow compass'd round.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

Blest is the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love: The
 fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.

HYMN 27. S. M.

2. Before our Father's throne
 We pour united prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
 Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

4. When we at death must part,
 How keen, how deep the pain:
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

5. From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Throughout eternity.

HYMN 210. S. M.
Philippians ii. 12, 13.

- Heirs of unending life,
 While yet we sojourn here,
 O let us our salvation work
 With trembling and with fear.
- God will support our hearts
 With might before unknown;
 The work to be perform'd is ours,
 The strength is all his own.

3. 'Tis he that works to will,
 'Tis he that works to do;
 His is the power by which we act,
 His be the glory too!

SELECTION 16 S. M.

From the xx. Psalm of David,

1. May Jacob's God defend
 And hear us in distress;
 Our succour from his temple send,
 Our cause from Zion bless!

2. May he accept our vow,
 Our sacrifice receive,
 Our heart's devout request allow,
 Our holy wishes give!

3. O Lord, thy saving grace
 We joyfully declare;
 Our banner in thy name we raise—
 "The Lord fulfil our prayer!"

4. Now know we that the Lord
 His chosen will defend;
 From heaven will strength divine afford,
 And will their prayer attend.

5. Some earthly succour trust,
 But we in God's right hand:
 Lo! while they fall, so vain their boast,
 We rise, and upright stand.

MELTON. II. 5. Or 10a.

DR. L. MASON.



SELECTION 37. II. 5.

From the xlii. Psalm of David.

2. Why throb, my heart? Why sink, my saddening soul?
Why droop to earth, with various woes oppressed?
My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,
And peace yet be an inmate of this breast.
3. Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.
4. Why faint my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid;
Unquestion'd be his faithfulness and love.

HYMN 58. II. 5.

Isaiah ix., &c.

1. Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes;

See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,

And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2. See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
3. See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.
4. The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.

ORMAN. L. P. M. Or II. 2.

"Root & Sweezer's Col."

God is our refuge in distress, A present help when dangers press,
 In him un - daunted we'll confide; Though earth was from his cen - tre tost,
 And mountains in the o - cean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roar - ing tide.

SELECTION 40. II. 2.

From the xvi. Psalm of David.

2. A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high :
God dwells in Sion, whose fair towers
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly
powers,
While his almighty aid is nigh.
3. Submit to God's almighty sway,
For him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sovereign Lord confess :
The God of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

SELECTION 120. II. 2.

From the cxlii. Psalm of David.

1. I'll praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2. Why should I place in man my trust ?
E'en princes die and turn to dust,
Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;
Their breath departs, their pomp and
power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

3. Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their
train ;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;
His truth forever stands secure,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4. The Lord gives eyesight to the blind,
The Lord supports the sinking mind,
He sends the righteous strength and
peace,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And to the prisoner grants release.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

He's blest, whose sins have par - don gained, No more in judg - ment to ap - pear;

Whose guilt remis - sion has obtained, And whose repent - ance is ain - cere.

SELECTION 27. L. M.

From the xxii. Psalm of David.

2. No sooner I my wound disclosed,
The guilt that tortured me within,
But thy forgiveness interposed,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
3. Sorrows on sorrows multiplied,
The harden'd sinner shall confound;
But them who in His truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.
4. His saints, that have perform'd his laws,
Their life in triumph shall employ;
Let them, as they alone have cause,
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

HYMN 157. L. M.

1. Be still my heart, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.
2. Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?
3. When first before his mercy-seat,
Thou didst to him thy all commit;

He gave thee warrant from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.

4. Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last?
5. Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God:
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

HYMN 101. L. M.

1. And wilt thou, O Eternal God,
On earth establish thine abode?
Then look propitious from thy throne,
And take this temple for thine own.
2. These walls we to thine honor raise,
Long may they echo in thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With the rich tokens of thy grace.
3. Here may the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.
4. And in the last decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born for glory here.

HERMON. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.

The Lord himself, the mighty Lord, Vouchsafes to be..... my guide;
The Shepherd, by whose constant care My wants are all sup - plied.

SELECTION 18. C. M.

From the xxiii. Psalm of David.

2. In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.
3. He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.
4. I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.
5. Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

HYMN 10. C. M.

1. When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
2. O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

3. Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
4. To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.
5. Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.
6. When in the slippery path of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
7. Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
8. When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
9. Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

LODER. 7s & 6s. Or 7s, 6s & 6s.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN'S 9TH SYMPHONY.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;

Rise, from tran - si - to - ry things, Towards heaven, thy destined place:

S Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To seats prepared a - bove.

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;

HYMN 145.

2. Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
There, is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest in heaven;
There, will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given.

HYMN 185.

Walking with God.

1. Since I've known a Saviour's Name,
And sin's strong fetters broke,
Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my easy yoke:
Joyful now my faith to show,
I find his service my reward,
All the work I do below
Is light for such a Lord.

2. To the desert or the cell,
Let others blindly fly,
In this evil world I dwell,
Nor fear its enmity;
Here I find a house of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire;
Walking unconcern'd in care,
And unconsum'd in fire.

3. O that all the world might know
Of living, Lord, to thee,
Find their heaven begin below,
And here thy goodness see;
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thee face to face.

In singing the 185th Hymn to Loder, omit the last brace.

MANOAH. C. M.

ROSSINI. From "HOLDEN'S SACRED MUSIC."



Come, Lord, and warm each lan-guid heart, In - spire each life - less tongue;

And let the joys of Heav'n im - part Their in - fluence to our song.

HYMN 198. C. M.

2. Sorrow and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.
3. The soul from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.
4. There, on a throne (how dazzling bright!)
Th' exalted Saviour shines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.
5. There, shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal song;
And endless honors to his Name
Employ their tuneful tongues.
6. Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

SELECTION 55. C. M.

From the lxxi. Psalm of David.

1. In thee I put my steadfast trust,
Defend me, Lord, from shame:
Incline thine ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is thy Name.

2. Be thou my strong abiding-place,
To which I may resort:
Thy promise, Lord, is my defence,
Thou art my rock and fort.
3. My steadfast and unchanging hope,
Shall on thy power depend;
And I in grateful songs of praise
My time to come will spend.
4. Thy righteous acts and saving health
My mouth shall still declare;
Unable yet to count them all,
Though summ'd with utmost care.
5. While God vouchsafes me his support,
I'll in his strength go on;
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention his alone.
6. Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my
youth,
To praise thy glorious Name;
And ever since, thy wondrous works
Have been my constant theme.
7. Therefore, with psaltery and harp,
Thy tru'th O Lord, I'll praise;
To thee, the God of Jacob's race,
My voice in anthems raise.
8. Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
Employ my cheerful voice;
My grateful soul, by thee redeemed,
Shall in thy strength rejoice.

VARINA. G. M. Doubts.

From Root & Swett's Coll. By permission.

{ There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
 { E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And plea - sures ban - ish pain; }

There ev - er - last - ing spring abides, And nev - er - fad - ing flowers,

Death, like a nar - row sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

HYMN 199. C. M.

3. Bright fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
4. But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross the narrow sea:
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
5. Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumined eyes;
6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

SELECTION 97. PART II. C. M.

1. How shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free?
By making still their course of life
With thy commands agree.
2. With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
To thee for succor pray;
O suffer not my careless steps
From thy right paths to stray!
3. Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies,
To succor me with timely aid
When sinful thoughts arise.
4. Secured by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy Name;
O teach me then by thy just laws
My future life to frame!

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

How beau - teous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill;
 Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.

HYMN 52. S. M.

Isaiah iii. 7-10.

2. How charming is their voice :
 How sweet their tidings are :
 " Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
 He reigns and triumphs here."
3. How happy are our ears
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found.
4. How blessed are our eyes
 That see this heavenly light :
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight.
5. The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.
6. The Lord makes bare his arm
 Through all the earth abroad ;
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 149. S. M.

1. Come ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.

2. Let those refuse to sing,
 That never knew our God,
 But children of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.
3. The God of heaven is ours,
 Our Father and our love ;
 His care shall guard life's fleeting hours,
 Then waft our souls above.
4. There shall we see his face,
 And never, never sin ;
 There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.
5. Yes, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.
6. Children of grace have found
 Glory begun below :
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.
7. The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
8. Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry ;
 We're travelling through Immanuel's
 ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

Welcomme, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise ; Wel-come to

this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.

HYMN 32. S. M.

2. The King himself comes near
To feast his saints to-day ;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
3. One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.
4. My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is call'd to soar away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 28. S. M.

1. Grace ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
2. Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the means that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
3. Grace guides my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4. Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HYMN 210. S. M.

Philippians ii. 12, 13.

1. Heirs of unending life,
While yet we sojourn here,
O let us our salvation work
With trembling and with fear.
2. God will support our hearts
With might before unknown ;
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all his own.
3. 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do ;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too !

HYMN 88. S. M.

Ephesians vi. 10, 13.

1. Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.
2. Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

Slow.

WESTERN TUNE.

HYMN 27. S. M.

1 Blest is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one:
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we at death must part,
How keen, how deep the pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

HYMN 18. S. M.

Job ix. 2-6.

1 Ah, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We sink beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark,
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake:
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

HYMN 87. S. M.

1 The gentle Saviour calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

LEBANON. S. M. Double.

J. ZUNDEN.

HYMN 179. S. M.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live,
And, oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

SELECTION 52. S. M.

From the lxvii. Psalm of David.

- 1 To bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine:
- 2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.
- 6 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of his resistless power.

LABAN. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.

HYMN 88. S. M.

From Ephesians vi. 10, 13.

- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
- 4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past;
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last.

SELECTION 20. S. M.

From the xxv. Psalm of David.

- 1 To God, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice:
O let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.
- 2 Those who on thee rely,
Let no disgrace attend;
Be that the shameful lot of such
As wilfully offend.
- 3 To me thy truth impart,
And lead me in thy way;
For thou art he that brings me help,
On thee I wait all day.

- 4 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.
- 5 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
And, for thy wondrous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.
- 6 His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.
- 7 He those in justice guides
Who his direction seek;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.
- 8 Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as, with religious hearts,
To his blest will incline.
- 9 Since mercy is the grace
That most exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord,
And so advance thy Name.
- 10 Whoe'er with humble fear
To God his duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide,
In all his righteous ways.

BADEA. S. M.

GERMAN TUNE

O bless the Lord, my soul, His grace to thee pro-claim; And
all that is with-in me, join To bless his ho-ly Name.

SELECTION 82. S. M.

From the 21st Psalm of David.

- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits,
Who is to thee so kind.
- 3 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
- 4 He feeds thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And, like the eagle's, he renews
The vigor of thy youth.
- 5 Then bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace, his love proclaim;
Let all that is within me, join
To bless his holy Name.

HYMN 181. S. M.

From Rev. xxii. 17-20.

- 1 The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, sinner, Come:
The Bride, the Church of Christ, pro-
claims,
To all his children, Come.
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come:
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

8 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life:
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4. Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come,
Lord! even so; I wait thy hour:
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

HYMN 190. S. M.

From Job xiv. 11-14.

1. The mighty flood that rolls
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again:

2 So days, and years, and time,
Descending down to night,
Can thenceforth never more return
Back to the sphere of light:

3 And man, when in the grave,
Can never quit its gloom,
Until th' eternal morn shall wake
The slumber of the tomb.

4 O may I find in death
A hiding-place with God,
Secure from woe and sin; till call'd
To share his blest abode,

OLMUTZ. S. M.

From Gregorian Tone VIII, by DR. LOWELL MASON,

I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The

Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With his own pre- cious blood.

HYMN 25. S. M.

2. I love thy Church, O God !
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
3. If e'er to bless thy sons,
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.
4. If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erbow.
5. For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
6. Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
7. Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

8. Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brighter glories earth can yield,
And brightest bliss of heaven.

HYMN 193. S. M.

1. And will the Judge descend ?
And must the dead arise ?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?
2. And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound ;
And through the numerous guilty throng
Spread black despair around ?
3. "Depart from me accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came."
4. How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day ;
When earth and heaven before his face
Astonish'd shrink away ?
5. But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread !

DEVOTION. II. 3. Or L. M. 6 lines.

Arranged.

When gath'ring clouds a-round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few,
 On him I lean, who, not in vain, Experienced every human pain;
 He feels my griefs, he sees my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.

HYMN 159. II. 3.

Psalm xliii. 1-5.

- As, panting in the sultry beam,
The heart desired the cooling stream,
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee;
Athirst to taste thy living grace,
And see thy glory face to face.
- But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll;
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my woe and mock my fear;
And silent memory weeps alone
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.
- For I have walk'd the happy round
That circles Zion's holy ground,
And gladly swell'd the choral lays
That hymn'd my great Redeemer's praise,
What time the hallow'd arches rung
Responsive to the solemn song.
- Ah, why, by passing clouds oppress'd
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?

Turn, turn to Him, in every pain,
Whom suppliants never sought in vain—
Thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope, when joy has passed away.

SELECTION 111. L. M.
From the cxxxvii Psalm of David.

- When we our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress'd,
And Sion was our mournful theme.
- Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that withered there.
- O Salem, our once happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move!
- If I to mention thee forbear,
Perpetual silence be my doom:
Or if my chiefest joy compare
With thee, Jerusalem, my home!
(Repeat the first Braces.)

BOHEMIAN CHANT. II. 3. L. M. 6 lines, or Double.

Arranged by W. L.

Fine.

S.

O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry, Tho' all my crimes before thee lie!
D. C.—Let thy good Spir - it ne'er depart, Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

1st time Bass or Contralto Solo. 2nd time in Duo with Soprano.

D. C. al Segno.

{ Behold them not with angry look, But blot their memory from thy book.
Create my na - ture pure within, And form my soul a - verse to sin; }

HYMN 162.

1. When, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of sin away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2. When heaven's great and glorious King,
My morning sacrifice I bring;
And mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy, Saviour, in thy Name;
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

3. As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend:
Teach me thy precepts, all divire,
And be thy pure example mine.

4. When pain transfixes every part,
Or languor settles at the heart;
When on my bed, diseased, oppress'd,
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest;
O great Physician, see my grief,
And grant thy servant sweet relief.

5. Should poverty's destructive blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low;
And neither help nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer;

6. Should Providence profusely pour
Its varied blessings in my store;
O keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosperous state:
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with thee.

7. When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly bless'd,
Guard me my Saviour, while I rest:
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

8. And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

(Omit repeat in second brace.)

BOARDMAN. II. 8. Or II. 3.

S.

SELECTION 66. II. 8.

From the lxxxvi. Psalm of David.

- God's temple crowns the holy mount,
The Lord there condescends to dwell ;
His Sion's gates, in his account,
Our Israel's fairest tents excel ;
Yea, glorious things of thee we sing,
O city of the Almighty King !
- Of honor'd Sion we aver,
Illustrious throngs from her proceed ;
The Almighty shall establish her,
And shall enrol her holy seed :
Yea, for his people he shall count
The children of his favored mount.
- He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd
Who celebrate his matchless praise :
Who here in hallelujahs skill'd, [raise :
In heaven their harps and hymns shall
O Sion, seat of Israel's King,
Be mine to drink thy living spring.

SELECTION 84. II. 3.

From the civ. Psalm of David.

- How manifold thy works, O Lord,
In wisdom, power, and goodness wrought !
The earth is with thy riches storrd,
And ocean with thy wonders fraught :
Unfathom'd caves beneath the deep
For thee their hidden treasures keep.

By thee alone the living live,
Hide but thy face, their comforts fly ;
They gather what thy seasons give,
Take thou away their breath, they die ;
But send again thy spirit forth,
And life renewes the gladden'd earth.

- Jov in his works Jehovah takes,
Yet to destruction they return ;
He looks upon the earth, it quakes.
Touches the mountains, and they burn :
But God for ever is the same ;
Glory to his eternal Name !

SELECTION 48.

From the i. Psalm of David.

PART I. (II. 2.)

- The Lord hath spoke, the mighty God
Hath sent his summons all abroad,
From dawning light till day declines ;
The listening earth his voice hath heard,
And he from Sion hath appeared,
Where beauty in perfection shines.
- Our God shall come, and keep no more
Minconstrued silence, as before,
But wasting flames before him send ;
Around shall tempests fiercely rage,
Whilst he does heaven and earth engage
His just tribunal to attend.

PART II. II. 2.

1. Attend, my people ; Israel, hear ;
Thy strong accuser I'll appear ;
Thy God, thine only God, am I ;
'T's not of offerings I complain,
Which, daily in my temple slain,
My sacred altar did supply.

- The sacrifices I require
Are hearts which love and zeal inspire,
And vows which strictest care made good :
In time of trouble call on me,
And I will set thee safe and free,
And thou shalt praise thy gracious God.

HOLLEY. 7a. Or III. 3.

GEO. HAWK.

Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
Free from care--from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with thee.

Free from care--from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with thee.

HYMN 172. III. 1.

Psalm cxli. 2.

- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away ;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee :
- 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity ;
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

HYMN 151. III. 1.

- 1 Lord, my God, I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought ;
Do I love thee, Lord, or no ?
Am I thine, or am I not ?
- 2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Any duty give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 3 When I turn mine eyes within,
O how dark, and vain, and wild !
Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself thy child ?

- 4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall :
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?
- 5 Could I love thy saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhor'd,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love thee, Lord ?
- 6 Saviour, let me love thee more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

HYMN 195. III. 1.

St. Luke xiii. 24-27.

- 1 Seek, my soul, the narrow gate,
Enter ere it be too late ;
Many ask to enter there
When too late to offer prayer.
- 2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And for ever bar the skies :
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, "I know you not."
- 3 Mournfully will they exclaim ;
"Lord, we have profess'd thy Name ;
We have eat with thee, and heard
Heavenly teaching in thy word."
- 4 Vain, alas, will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity ;
Sad their everlasting lot ;
Christ will say, "I know you not."

MISSIONARY HYMN. II. 6.

DR. L. MASON.

From Greenland's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's co - ral strand,

Where Africa's sun - ny foun - tains, Run down their gold - en sand;

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

HYMN 107. II. 6.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile :

In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high ;
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation, oh, Salvation,
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole :
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN 54. II. 6.

Psalm lxxii.

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater Son ;
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succour speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong,
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
 Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth ;
 And love and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth :
 Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go ;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom, still increasing,
 A kingdom without end :

The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His Name shall stand for ever :
 That Name to us is Love.

Eternal praise be given,
 And songs of highest worth,
 By all the hosts of heaven,
 And all the saints on earth,
 To God, supreme confess'd,
 To Christ, his only Son,
 And to the Spirit bless'd,
 Eternal Three in One.

HYMN 119. IV. 5.

"Save, Lord, or we perish." St. Matt. viii. 25.

1 When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
 When o'er the dark wave the red lightning
 is gleaming,
 Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to
 cherish,
 We fly to our Maker : "Save, Lord, or we
 perish."

2 O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the
 billow,
 Aroused by the shriek of despair, from
 thy pillow,
 Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
 Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or
 we perish."

3 And O ! when the whirlwind of passion is
 raging,
 When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is
 waging,
 Then send down thy Spirit thy ransom'd
 to cherish,
 Rebuke the destroyer ; "Save, Lord, or we
 perish."

All glory and praise to the Father be given'
 The Son, and the Spirit, from earth and
 from heaven ;
 As was, and is now, be supreme adoration'
 And ever shall be, to the God of salvation.

SHEPHERD. II. 4. Or H. M.

1, We give immortal praise, To God the Father's love, For all our comforts here, For
 all our comforts here, and all our hopes above ; He sent his own Eternal Son, To die for sins That man had done.

HYMN 30. II. 4.

1 Awake, ye saints, awake,
 And hail this sacred day ;
 In loftiest songs of praise
 Your joyful homage pay :
 Welcome the day that God hath blest,
 The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
 The Lord of life arose ;
 He burst the bars of death,
 And vanquish'd all our foes :
 And now he pleads our cause above,
 And reaps the fruits of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord !
 Heaven with hosannas rings,
 And earth, in humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings :
 Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Great King, gird on thy sword,
 Ascend thy conquering car ;
 While justice, truth, and love,
 Maintain thy glorious war :
 This day let sinners own thy sway,
 And rebels cast their arms away.

SELECTION 122. II. 4.

From the cxlviii. Psalm of David.

1 Ye boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's fame ;

His praise your song employ
 Above the starry frame :
 Your voices raise,
 Ye Cherubim
 And Seraphim,
 To sing his praise.

6 Let all of highest birth
 With those of humbler name,
 And judges of the earth,
 His matchless praise proclaim :
 In this design,
 Let youths with maids,
 And hoary heads
 With children, join.

7 United zeal be shown
 His wondrous fame to raise,
 Whose glorious Name alone
 Deserves our endless praise ;
 Earth's utmost ends
 His power obey ;
 His glorious sway
 The sky transcends.

8 His chosen saints to grace,
 He sets them up on high ;
 And favours Israel's race,
 Who still on him are nigh .
 O therefore raise
 Your grateful voice,
 And still rejoice
 The Lord to praise !

NUREMBERG. III. 1. Or 7a.

Sovereign Rul - er of the skies, Ev - er gra - cious, ev - er wise,

All our times are in thy hand, All e - vents at thy com - mand.

HYMN 11. III. 1.

Psalm xxxi. 15.

"My times are in thy hand."

- 2 He that form'd us in the womb,
He shall guide us to the tomb;
All our ways shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want, and cheerful wealth,
All our pleasures, all our pains,
Come, and end, as God ordains.
- 4 May we always own thy hand,
Still to thee surrender'd stand,
Know that thou art God alone,
We and ours are all thy own !

HYMN 22. III. 1.

- 1 Sing, my soul, His wondrous love,
Who, from yon bright throne above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace.
- 2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
All is by his sceptre sway'd ;
What are we that he should show
So much love to us below !
- 3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood ;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore his Name,
Let his glory be thy theme :
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come.

HYMN 155. III. 1.

Songs of Praise.

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang ;
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away ;
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heavens and earth ;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise..
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, admidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

PLEYEL. III. 1.

J. PLEYEL.

Chil - dren of the heavenly King, As we jour - ney, let us sing;
 Sing the Saviour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways.

HYMN 146. III. 1.

2 We are travelling home to God
 In the way the fathers trod;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.

8 Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,
 Christ our Advocate was made;
 Pardon'd now, no more we roam,
 Christ conducts us to our home.

HYMN 211. III. 1.

From Ephesians v. 14-17.

1 Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep,
 Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
 Raise thy spirit dark and dead,
 Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep, arise from death.
 See the bright and living path;
 Watchful tread that path; be wise,
 Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
 From this hour redeem thy time;
 Life secure without delay,
 Evil is the mortal day.

4 Be not blind and foolish still;
 Call'd of Jesus, learn his will;
 Jesus calls from death and night,
 Jesus wait's to shed his light.

HYMN 188. III. 1.

1 'Tis my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross;
 But the Saviour's power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love transcribed upon them all—
 This is happiness to me.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisement by the way,
 Might I not with reason fear
 I should be a cast-away?

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
 Trials give new life to prayer;
 Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

HYMN 38. III. 1.

1 To thy temple I repair;
 Lord, I love to worship there;
 While thy glorious praise is sung,
 Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
 God of love, to mine attend;
 Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
 Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

CONCONE. III. L. Or 7a. Double.

Arranged by C. A. MUNGER.

1. Lord, for ev - er at thy side, Let my place and por - tion be;
 Strip me of the robe of pride, Clothe me with hu - mil - i - ty.

Meek-ly may my soul re - ceive All thy Spi - rit hath re - veal'd;

Thou hast spoken— I be - lieve, Though the or - a - cle be seal'd.

HYMN 167. III. 1.

Morning.

1 Now the shades of night are gone,
 Now the morning light is come;
 Lord, may we be thine to-day;
 Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
 Banish doubt and clear our sight;
 In thy service, Lord, to-day,
 May we labour, watch, and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
 Save us from our foes around;
 Going out and coming in,
 Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
 O receive us then at last;
 Night and sin will be no more,
 When we reach the heavenly shore.

SOLNEY. III. 3. Or 7a.

SCHULTE.

SELECTION 70.

From the xci. Psalm of David.

Part II. III. 3.

2 On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young, thy foot shall tread ;
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above.

4 Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save ;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

HYMN 81. III. 3.

1 Dread Jehovah ! God of nations,
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Lo ! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend ;
Hear us, fasting praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,

Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface :
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.

HYMN 203. III. 3.

1 Chron. xxix. 10--13.

1 Bless'd be thou, the God of Israel,
Thou, our Father, and our Lord !
Bless'd thy majesty forever !
Ever be thy name adored !

2 Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness,
Glory, victory are thine own ;
All is thine in earth and heaven,
Over all thy boundless throne.

3 Riches come of thee, and honour,
Power and might to thee belong ;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only thine to make us strong.

4 Lord our God ! for these thy bounties,
Hymns of gratitude we raise ;
To thy Name, forever glorious,
Ever we address our praise !

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

MANT. III. 3. Or 8a. & 7a. Double.

LUDOVICK NICHOLSON.

Saviour, source of ev- ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays,

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for cease - less songs of praise;
D. C.—Fill my soul with sa - cred plea - sure, While I sing re - deem-ing love.

Teach me some me-lo-dious mea - sure, Sung by rap - tured saints a - bove;

HYMN 18. (III. 3.)

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

HYMN 177 (III. 3.)

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;

I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.

2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through.

2 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness,
Be my sword, and shield, and banner;
Be the *Lord my Righteousness*.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

BURLINGTON. C. M.

BURGESS.

Ap - proach, my soul, the mer - ey seat, Where Je - sus an - swers prayer;
 There hum - bly fall be - fore his feet, For none can per - ish there.

HYMN 188. C. M.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
 With this I venture nigh ;
 Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
 And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely press'd,
 By war without, and fear within,
 I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place ;
 That, shelter'd near thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him, "Thou hast died."

5 O, wondrous love, to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame,
 That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Might plead thy gracious Name.

SELECTION 51. (PART II.) C. M.

1 My offerings to God's house I'll bring,
 And there my vows will pay,
 Which I with solemn zeal did make
 In trouble's dismal day.

2 O come, all ye that fear the Lord,
 Attend with heedful care ;
 Whilst I what God for me has done
 With grateful joy declare.

3 As I before his aid implored,
 So now I praise his Name ;
 But, if my heart to sin incline,
 My prayer will God disclaim.

4 But God to me, whene'er I cried,
 His gracious ear did bend ;
 And to the voice of my request
 With constant love attend.

5 Then bless'd for ever be my God,
 Who never, when I pray,
 Withholds his mercy from my soul,
 Nor turns his face away.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

T. ANN'S. C. M.

To cel - e - brate thy praise, O Lord, I will my heart pre - pare;
 To all the listening world thy works, Thy wondrous works de - clare.

SELECTION 8. C. M.
 From the ix. Psalm of David.
 houghts of them shall to my soul
 ilt pleasure bring;
 t to thy name, O thou most High,
 umphant praise I sing.
 ord for ever lives, who has
 righteous throne prepared,
 rtial justice to dispense,
 punish or reward.
 ose who have his goodness proved,
 l in his truth confide;
 e mercy ne'er forsook the man
 it on his help relied.
 praises therefore to the Lord,
 on Zion, his abode;
 aim his deeds, till all the world
 uess no other God.

HYMN 141. C. M.
 From Rom. viii. 31-34.
 triumphant faith dispel
 e fears of guilt and woe:
 d be for us, God the Lord,
 o, who shall be our foe?
 ho his only Son gave up
 death, that we might live,
 l be not all things freely grant,
 at boundless love can give?

3 Who now his people shall accuse?
 'Tis God hath justified:
 Who now his people shall condemn?
 The Lamb of God hath died.

4 And He who died hath risen again,
 Triumphant from the grave:
 At God's right hand for us he pleads,
 Omnipotent to save.

SELECTION 97. PART XII. C. M.

1 For ever and for ever, Lord,
 Unchanged thou dost remain;
 Thy word, establish'd in the heavens,
 Does all their orbs sustain.

2 Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth
 Immovable shall stand,
 As doth the earth, which thou uphold'st
 By thine almighty hand.

3 All things the course by thee ordain'd
 E'en to this day fulfil;
 They are the faithful subjects all,
 And servants of thy will.

4 Unless thy sacred law had been
 My comfort and delight,
 I must have fainted, and expired,
 In dark affliction's night.

NEWBOLD. C. M.

KINGSLEY.

A-wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vi - gor on; A heavenly

race demands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.

HYMN 180. C. M.

Phil. iii. 13, 14.

2 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

8 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on,
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

HYMN 41. C. M.

1 Hark the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

8 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad *Hosannas*, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 55. C. M.

Isaiah ii. 3—5.

1 O'er mountain tops the mount of God
In latter days shall rise,
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the mount of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

WARWICK. C. M.

Ye hum - ble souls, ap - proach your God With songs of as - cred praise;
 For he is good, su - preme-ly good, And kind are all his ways.

HYMN 182. C. M.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
 In him we live and move ;
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
 To ransom rebel worms ;
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known
 In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
 'Tis here our hope relies ;
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
 The souls who trust in thee ;
 Their humble hope thou wilt reward
 With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
 What honours shall we raise !
 Not all th' angelic songs above
 Can render equal praise.

SELECTION 71. C. M.

From the xxi. Psalm of David.

1 How good and pleasant must it be
 To thank the Lord most high ;
 And with repeated hymns of praise
 His Name to magnify !

2 With every morning's early dawn
 His goodness to relate ;
 And of his constant truth, each night,
 The glad effects repeat !

3 To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
 With tuneful psalteries join'd ;
 And to the harp with solemn sounds,
 For sacred use design'd.

4 For through thy wondrous works, O Lord ,
 Thou mak'st my heart rejoice ;
 The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
 And shout with cheerful voice.

SELECTION 97. (PART VI.) C. M.

1 Thy constant blessing, Lord, bestow,
 To cheer my drooping heart ;
 To me, according to thy word,
 Thy saving health impart.

2 So shall I, whosoe'er upbraids,
 This ready answer make ;
 "In God I trust, who never will
 His faithful promise break."

3 Then let not quite the word of truth
 Be from my mouth removed ;
 Since still my ground of steadfast hope
 Thy judgments, Lord, have proved.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

Dr. HAWKES.

O God! my heart is ful - ly bent To mag - ni - fy thy name;
My tongue with cheer-ful songs of praise, Shall ee - le - brate thy fame.

SELECTION 88. C. M.

From the civii. Psalm of David.

- 2 Awake my lute; nor thou, my harp,
Thy warbling notes delay;
Whilst I with early hymns of joy
Prevent the dawning day.
- 3 To all the listening tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell,
And to those nations sing thy praise
That round about us dwell;
- 4 Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends,
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

SELECTION 58. C. M.

From the lxxiv. Psalm of David.

- 1 Thine is the cheerful day, O Lord;
Thine the return of night;
Thou hast prepared the glorious sun,
And every feeble light.
- 2 By thee the borders of the earth
In perfect order stand;
The summer's warmth, and winter's cold,
Attend on thy command.

SELECTION 51. (PART I.) C. M.

From the lxvi. Psalm of David.

- 1 Let all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise;

Sing psalms in honor of his Name,
And spread his glorious praise.

- 2 And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,
In all thy works art thou!
To thy great power thy stubborn foes
Shall all be forced to bow.
- 5 O all ye nations, bless our God,
And loudly speak his praise;
Who keeps our souls alive, and still
Confirms our steadfast ways.

SELECTION 117. (PART I.) C. M.

From the cxiv. Psalm of David.

- 1 Thee I will bless, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless thy Name.
- 2 Thou, Lord, beyond compare, art great,
And highly to be praised;
Thy majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge raised.
- 4 Whilst I thy glory and renown,
And wondrous works express,
The world with me thy might shall own,
And thy great power confess.

CORINTH. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. How oft, a - las! this wretched heart Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my ro - ving tho'ts de - part, For - get - ful of his word.

SELECTION 10. C. M.

From the xlii. Psalm of David.

1 How long wilt thou forget me, Lord,
Must I forever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
Oh! never to return?
2 O hear, and to my longing eyes
Restore my wonted light,
Dawn on my spirit, lest I sleep
In death's most gloomy night.
3 Since I have always placed my trust
Beneath thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come; and then
My heart with joy shall spring.
4 Then shall my song, with praise inspired,
To thee, my God, ascend,
Who to thy servant in distress
Such bounty didst extend.

HYMN 49. C. M.

St. Luke xliii. 6-9.

1 See, in the vineyard of the Lord,
A barren fig-tree stands;
No fruit it yields, no blossom bears,
Though planted by his hands.
2 From year to year the tree he views,
And still no fruit is found;
Then "cut it down," the Lord commands,
"Why cumbers it the ground?"
3 But lo! the gracious Saviour pleads—
"The barren fig-tree spare,
Another year in mercy wait,
It yet may bloom and bear:

4 "But if my culture prove in vain,
And still no fruit be found,
I plead no more; destroy the tree,
And root it from thy ground."

SELECTION 115. C. M.

From the cxlii. Psalm of David.

1 Lord, hear my prayer, and to my cry
Thy wonted audience lend;
In thy accustom'd faith and truth
A gracious answer send.
7 Thou art my God, thy righteous will
Instruct me to obey;
Let thy good Spirit lead and keep
My soul in thy right way.
8 O for the sake of thy great name,
Revive my drooping heart;
For thy truth's sake, to me distress'd
Thy saving health impart.

SELECTION 97. (PART IV.) C. M.

From the cxix. Psalm of David.

1 My soul, oppress'd with deadly care,
Close to the dust doth cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
Thy promised aid receive.
5 Far, far from me be all false ways
And lying arts removed;
But kindly grant I still may keep
The path by thee approved.
6 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth,
My happy choice I've made;
Thy judgments, as my rule of life,
Before me always laid.

AZMON. C. M.

GLASER

1. Come Ho - ly Spir - it, Heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

SELECTION 18. C. M.

From the xvi. Psalm of David.

1 My grateful soul shall bless the Lord,
 Whose precepts give me light;
 And private counsel still afford
 In sorrow's dismal night.

2 I strive each action to approve
 To his all-seeing eye;
 No danger shall my hopes remove,
 Because he still is nigh.

3 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
 My glory does rejoice;
 My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
 Waked by his powerful voice.

4 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
 My soul from hell shall free;
 Nor let thy Holy One in death
 The least corruption see.

5 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
 Which to thy presencee lead;
 Where pleasures dwell without alloy,
 And joys that never fade.

HYMN 92. C. M.

1 O, in the morn of life, when youth
 With vital ardour glows,
 And shines in all the fairest charms
 That beauty can disclose;

2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
 Are yet by vice enslaved,
 Be thy Creator's glorious Name
 And character engraved:

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
 The sunshine of thy days;
 And cares and toils, in endless round,
 Encompass all thy ways;

4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
 With vain regret, deplore,
 And sadly muse on former joys,
 That now return no more.

5 True wisdom, early sought and gain'd,
 In age will give thee rest:
 O then, improve the morn of life,
 To make its evening blest.

SELECTION 15. (PART II.) C. M.

1 God's perfect law converts the soul,
 Reclaims from false desires;
 With sacred wisdom his sure word
 The ignorant inspires.

2 The statutes of the Lord are just,
 And bring sincere delight;
 His pure demands in search of truth,
 Assist the feeblest sight.

7 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
 Dominion have o'er me;
 That, by thy grace preserved, I may
 The great transgression flee.

8 So shall my prayer and praises be
 With thy acceptance blest;
 And I, secure on thy defence,
 My strength and Saviour, rest.

WOODLAND. C. M.

NATIONAL CHURCH HARMONY.

1. O praise the Lord, for he is good, His mercies ne'er decay; That his kind favors ev - er last, That his kind fa - vors ev - er last, Let thankful Israel say.

HYMN 31. C. M.

- 1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
Let young and old rejoice:
To him be vows and homage paid,
Whose service is our choice.
- 2 This is the temple of the Lord :
How dreadful is this place !
With meekness let us hear his word,
With reverence seek his face.
- 3 This is the homage he requires ;
The voice of praise and prayer,
The soul's affections, hopes, desires,
Ourselves and all we are.
- 4 While rich and poor for mercy call,
Propitious from the skies,
The Lord, the Maker of them all,
Accepts the sacrifice.
- 5 Well pleased, through Jesus Christ his
Son,
From sin he grants release;
According to their faith 'tis done,
He bids them go in peace.

SELECTION 95. C. M.

From the cxvii. Psalm of David.

- 1 With cheerful notes let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise;
Let all, inspired with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.
- 2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tributes pay.

SELECTION 29. C. M.

From the xxxiv. Psalm of David.

- 1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his Name :
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.
- 4 The Angel of the Lord encamps
Around the good and just ;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.
- 5 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 6 Fear him, ye saints ; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

To Father Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

BELLINI. C. M. Double.

Arranged by M. N. WHITMORE.

1st time.

2d time.

1. { While thee I seek, protect-ing Power, Be my vain wish - es still'd ;
 And may this come - crat-ed hour (Omit.) With

better hopes be filled. Thy love the power of thought bestow'd, To thee my thoughts would

soar : Thy mer - ey o'er my life has flowed, That mer - ey I a - dore.

HYMN 142. C. M.

1 Deluded souls, that dream of heaven,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
 While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, vain our flights,
 If faith be cold and dead;
 None but a living power unites
 To Christ, the living head.

3 The faith which new-creates the heart,
 And works by active love,
 Will bid all sinful joys depart,
 And lift the thoughts above.

4 God from the curse has set us free,
 To make us pure within;
 Nor did he send his Son to be
 The minister of sin.

HYMN 64. C. M.

1 My Saviour hanging on the tree,
 In agonies and blood,
 Methought once turned his eyes on me,
 As near his cross I stood.

2 Sure, never till my latest breath
 Can I forget that look;
 It seem'd to charge me with his death,
 Though not a word he spoke.

3 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
 And plunged me in despair;
 I saw my sins his blood had split,
 And help'd to nail him there.

4 Alas ! I knew not what I did;
 But now my tears are vain:
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
 For I the Lord have slain.

CONSOLATION. C. M. Double.

Arranged from the GERMAN. *

As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase ; So longs my soul, O

God, for thee, And thy re-fresh-ing grace. For thee, my God, the living God, My

thirsty soul doth pine ; O ! when shall I behold thy face, Thou Majesty Divine !

SELECTION 63. C. M.

From the lxxiv. Psalm of David.

1 O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place,
Where thou enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of thy face !

2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode ;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

3 The birds, more happy far than I,
Around thy temple throng ;
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young.

4 O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly bless'd are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display !

5 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made,
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead !

6 Who pass through parch'd and thirsty vales
Yet no refreshment want ;
Their pools are fill'd with rain, which thou
At their request dost grant.

7 Thus they proceed from strength to strength
And still approach more near ;
Till all on Sion's holy mount
Before their God appear.

8 Within thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any other place
A thousand days to spend.

9 Much rather in God's house will I
The meanest office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of sin
My pompous dwelling make.

AVON. C. M. Double.

SCOTTISH MELODY.

HYMN 20. C. M.

- 1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load :
The heart unchanged can never rise,
To happiness and God.
- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray :
Reason debased can never find
The safe, the narrow way.
- 3 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue ?
'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew.
- 4 'Tis thine the passions to recal,
And upwards bid them rise ;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.
- 5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live,
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.
- 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine ;
Then shall our passions and our powers
Almighty Lord, be thine.

HYMN 112. C. M.

- 1 When Jesus left his heavenly throne,
He chose an humble birth ;
Like us un honour'd and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

- 2 Like him, may we be found below,
In wisdom's paths of peace ;
Like him, in grace and knowledge grow
As years and strength increase.
- 3 Sweet were his words and kind his look,
When mothers round him press'd ;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom bless'd.
- 4 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
O, thus encircled in his arms,
May we for ever lie.

SELECTION 46. C. M.

From the lvi. Psalm of David.

- 1 Lord, though at times surprised by fear,
On danger's first alarm,
Yet still for succour I depend
On thy almighty arm.
- 2 God's faithful promise I shall praise,
On which I now rely ;
In God I trust, and, trusting him,
The arm of flesh defy.
- 3 I'll trust God's word, and so despise
The force that man can raise ;
To thee, O God, my vows are due,
To thee I'll render praise.
- 5 That thus, protected by thy power,
I may this light enjoy ;
And in the service of my God
My lengthen'd days employ.

BRADFORD. C. M.

HANDEL.

Adored for - ev - er be the Lord; His praise I will re-

sound, From whom the cries of my dis - tress A gracious answer found.

SELECTION 97. (PART XI.) C. M.

From the cxix. Psalm of David.

- 1 My soul with long expectance faints
To see thy saving grace;
Yet still on thy unerring word
My confidence I place.
- 2 My very eyes consume and fail
With waiting for thy word;
O when wilt thou thy kind relief
And promised aid afford?
- 3 Thy wonted kindness, Lord, restore,
My drooping heart to cheer;
That by thy righteous statutes I
My life's whole course may steer.

HYMN 138. C. M.

- 1 Rise, O my soul, the hours review,
When, awed by guilt and fear,
To heaven for grace thou durst not sue,
And found no rescue here.
- 2 Thy tears are dried, thy griefs are fled,
Dispell'd each bitter care;
For heaven itself has lent its aid
To save thee from despair.
- 3 Here, then, O God, thy work fulfill,
And, from thy mercy's throne,
Vouchsafe me strength to do thy will,
And to resist mine own:

- 4 So shall my soul each power employ
Thy mercy to adore;
While heaven itself proclaims with joy,
One pardon'd sinner more.

SELECTION 97. (PART XXI.) C. M.
From the cxix. Psalm of David.

- 1 Thy sacred word my joyful breast
With heavenly rapture warms;
Nor conquest, nor the spoils of war,
Have such transporting charms.
- 2 Perfidious practices and lies
I utterly detest:
But to thy laws affection bear,
Too vast to be express'd.
- 3 Seven times a day, with grateful voice,
Thy praises I resound,
Because I find thy judgments all
With truth and justice crown'd.
- 4 Secure, substantial peace have they
Who truly love thy law;
No smiling mischief then can tempt,
Nor frowning danger awe.
- 5 For thy salvation I have hoped,
And, though so long delay'd,
With cheerful zeal and anxious care
All thy commands obey'd.

ECKARDTSHEIM. C. M.

ANCIENT LYRE.

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will de-nies,
Ac-cept-ed at thy throne, let this, My humble prayer, a-rise.

HYMN 114. C. M.

- 1 Mercy, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
O may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his Name,
And their Creator love.
- 3 Delightful work, young souls to win,
And turn the rising race,
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek their Saviour's face.
- 4 Almighty God, thine influence shed
To aid this blest design;
The honor of thy Name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

HYMN 115. C. M.

- 1 Blest is the man whose softening heart,
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain:
- 2 Whose breast responds with generous warmth,
A stranger's woe to feel;
Who weeps in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

8 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

4 To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy, from above,
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The Christian law of love.

HYMN 51. C. M.

- 1 As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.
- 2 The world and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employ'd;
A time unhallow'd unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my laboring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be thine;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to thee.

HINA. C. M.

Thou, gracious God, art my defence, On thee my hopes re-ly;
 Thou art my glo-ry, and shalt yet Lift up my head on high.

HYMN 189. C. M.

! from the tombs a mournful sound;
 Ie ears attend the cry:
 living men, come view the ground
 ere you must shortly lie.

ces, this clay must be your bed,
 spite of all your towers;
 all, the wise, the reverend head,
 st lie as low as ours."

God! is this our certain doom?
 I are we still secure?
 walking downward to the tomb,
 I yet prepare no more?

us the power of quickening grace
 raise our souls to thee,
 we may view thy glorious face
 all eternity.

HYMN 158. C. M.

gracious God! my humble moan,
 thee I breathe my sighs;
 will the mournful night be gone?
 en shall my joys arise?

ough my soul in darkness mourns,
 y promise is my stay;
 would I rest till light returns:
 y presence makes my day.

, Lord, and with celestial peace
 ieve my aching heart;
 ile, and my bid my sorrows cease,
 I all their gloom depart.

4. Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
 And bless thy healing rays,
 And change these deep, complaining sighs
 For songs of sacred praise.

SELECTION 97. (PART V.) C. M.

1 Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord,
 Thy righteous paths display;
 And I from them, through all my life,
 Will never go astray.

2 If thou true wisdom from above
 Wilt graciously impart,
 To keep thy perfect laws, I will
 Devote my zealous heart.

3 Direct me in the sacred ways
 To which thy precepts lead;
 Because my chief delight has been
 Thy righteous paths to tread.

4 Do thou to thy most just commands
 Incline my willing heart;
 Let no desire of worldly wealth
 From thee my thoughts divert.

5 From those vain objects turn mine eyes,
 Which this false world displays;
 But give me lively power and strength
 To keep thy righteous ways.

6 Confirm the promise of thy word,
 And give thy servant aid,
 Who to transgress thy sacred law
 Is awfully afraid.

FORGIVENESS. C. M.

Arranged from Rossini by C. A. Munera.

Thy chastening wrath, O Lord, re-strain, Tho' I deserve it all;
 Nor let on me the hea - vy storm Of thy displeasure fall.

SELECTION 1. C. M.

From the i. Psalm of David.

- 1 How blest is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk,
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk;
- 2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.
- 3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.
- 4 Ungodly men, and their attempts,
No lasting root shall find;
Untimely blasted, and dispersed
Like chaff before the wind.
- 5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
Before their Judge's face:
No formal hypocrite shall then
Among the saints have place.
- 6 For God approves the just man's ways;
To happiness they tend:
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

SELECTION 65. C. M.

From the lxxxvi. Psalm of David.

- 1 To my complaint, O Lord my God,
Thy gracious ear incline;
Hear me, distress'd, and destitute
Of all relief but thine.
- 2 Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,
That does thy Name adore;
Thy servant keep, and him whose trust
Relies on thee, restore.
- 3 To me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
On thee alone depend.
- 4 Thou, Lord, art good; nor only good,
But prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous mercy to all those
Who for thy mercy sue.
- 5 To my repeated humble prayer,
O Lord, attentive be;
When troubled, I on thee will call,
For thou wilt answer me.
- 6 Among the gods there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine!
To thee as much inferior they,
As are their works to thine.

COLCHESTER. C. M.

WILLIAMS.

SELECTION 99. C. M.

From the cxlii. Psalm of David.
Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
Strong and beauteous order ranged
Like her united powers.

Thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Ore his ark to celebrate
His name with praise and prayer.

Ever pray for Salem's peace;
Or they shall prosp'rous be,
In holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

Peace within thy sacred walls
Constant guest be found;
In plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crown'd.

My dear brethren's sake, and friends
To less than brethren dear,
Pray—May peace in Salem's towers
Constant guest appear.

HYMN 76. C. M.

's come, let every knee be bent,
All hearts new joy resume;
G, ye redeem'd, with one consent,
The Comforter is come."

2 What greater gift, what greater love,
Could God on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below.

3 Hail, blessed Spirit! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel;
Do thou each sinful thought control,
And fix our wavering zeal.

4 Thou to the conscience dost convey
Those checks which we should know;
Thy motions point to us the way;
Thou giv'st us strength to go.

SELECTION 80. (PART II.) C. M.

From the cii. Psalm of David.

- God shall arise, and Zion view
With an unclouded face:
For now her time is come, his own
Appointed day of grace.
- The Name and glory of the Lord
All heathen kings shall fear,
When he shall Zion build again,
And in full state appear.
- For God, from his abode on high,
His gracious beams display'd;
The Lord from heaven, his lofty throne,
Hath all the earth survey'd.

MEDFIELD. C. M.

SELECTION 28. (PART I.) C. M.

From the xxxiii. Psalm of David.

- 1 Let all the just to God, with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.
- 2 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
In joyful concert meet;
And new-made songs of loud applause
The harmony complete.
- 3 For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.
- 4 By his almighty word, at first,
The heavenly arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appear'd.
- 5 Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before him trembling stand:
For, when he spake the word, 'twas made,
'twas fix'd at his command.

HYMN 93. C. M.

Rev. v. 9, 12, 13.

- 1 Thou, God, all glory, honour, power,
Art worthy to receive;
Since all things by thy power were made,
And by thy bounty live.

- 2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honour, and wealth, to gain,
Glory and strength; who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.
- 3 All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd,
And ransom'd us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By thy most precious blood.
- 4 Blessing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To Him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be given.

HYMN 12. C. M.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his gracious will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

NAOMI. C. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov'-reign will de - nies,
Ac - cept-ed at thy throne, let this, My hum - ble prayer, a - rise.

Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

HYMN 21. C. M.

1 Father, to thee my soul I lift,
On thee my hope depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too ;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine ;
The praise of every holy thought
And righteous word is thine.

4 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live :
Our God is *all in all*.

HYMN 148. C. M.

1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

3 These are the joys which satisfy
And purify the mind ;

Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

4 No more, believer, mourn thy lot,
O, thou who art the Lord's,
Resign to those that know him not,
Such joy as earth affords.

SELECTION 69 (PART II.) C. M.

From the xc. Psalm of David.

1 But who thine anger's dread effects
Does, as he ought, revere ?
And yet thy wrath does fall or rise,
As more or less we fear.

2 So teach us, Lord, the uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclined.

3 O to thy servants, Lord, return,
And speedily relent !
As we of our misdeeds, do thou
Of our just doom repent.

4 To satisfy and cheer our souls,
Thy early mercy send ;
That we may all our days to come
In joy and comfort spend.

5 To all thy servants, Lord, let this
Thy wondrous work be known ;
And to our offspring yet unborn,
Thy glorious power be shown.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.

Re-gard my words, O gra-cious Lord, Ac-cept my se - cret prayer; To
thee a-lone, my King, my God, Will I for help re-pair.

SELECTION 5. C. M.

From the v. Psalm of David.

2 Thou in the morn my voice shall hear,
And, with the dawning day,
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

3 Lord, I within thy house will come,
In thy abundant grace;
And I will worship in thy fear,
Tow'rd thy most holy place.

4 Let those, O Lord, who trust in thee,
With shou'th their joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,
And all that love thy Name.

5 To righteous men, the righteous Lord
His blessing will extend;
And with his favor all his saints,
As with a shield, defend.

HYMN 74. C. M.

1 Come Holy Ghost, Creator come,
Inspire these souls of thine,
Till every heart which thou hast made
Be fill'd with grace divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

8 Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
God's law in each true heart;
The promise of the Father, thou
Dost heavenly speech impart.

4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within;
That, by thy guidance blest, we may
Escape the snares of sin.

6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived.

HYMN 48. C. M.

1 Time hastens on; ye longing saints,
Now raise your voices high;
And magnify that sovereign love
Which shows salvation nigh.

2 As time departs salvation comes;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their course shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our transported eyes.

DEDHAM. C. M.

WM. GARDINER.



Thou art the way, to thee alone From sin and death we flee;



And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek him, Lord, by thee.



HYMN 209. C. M.

From St. John xiv. 6.

u art the Truth, thy word alone
rue wisdom can impart;
u only canst inform the mind
nd purify the heart.

u art the Life, the rending tomb.
roclaims thy conquering arm,
those who put their trust in thee
or death nor hell shall harm.

SELECTION 121. C. M.

From the cxvii. Psalm of David.
aise the Lord with hymns of joy,
nd celebrate his fame;
pleasant, good and comely 'tis
o praise his holy Name.

Lord to him that fears his Name
is tender love extends;
im that on his boundless grace
ith steadfast hope depends.

Zion and Jerusalem
o God their praise address;
se strength secures their lasting gates,
ho does their children bless.

SELECTION 119. C. M.

From the cxvi. Psalm of David.

- 1 O praise the Lord, and thou, my soul,
For ever bless his Name:
His wondrous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.
- 2 On princes, on the sons of men,
Let none for aid rely;
They cannot help, they turn to dust,
And all their counsels die.
- 3 Then happy he, who Jacob's God
For his protector takes;
Who still, with well-placed hopes, the
Lord
His constant refuge makes.
- 4 The Lord, who made both heaven and
earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.
- 5 The poor, oppress'd from all their wrongs,
Are eased by his decree:
He gives the hungry needful food,
And sets the prisoners free.
- 6 By him the blind receive their sight,
The weak and fall'n he rears;
With kind regards and tender love
He for the righteous cares.

DUNDEE. C. M.

The Lord him - self, the mighty Lord, Vouchsafes to be my guide;
 The shepherd, by whose constant care My wants are all sup - plied.

HYMN 44. C. M.

- 1 While angels thus, O Lord, rejoice,
Shall men no anthem raise?
O may we lose these unless tongues,
When we forget to praise.
- 2 Then let us swell responsive notes,
And join the heavenly throng ;
For angels no such love have known,
As we, to wake their song.
- 3 Good-will to sinful dust is shown,
And peace on earth is given ;
For lo ! th' incarnate Saviour comes,
With news of joy from heaven.
- 4 Mercy and truth, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn ;
Let heaven and earth in concert sing,
"The promised child is born ! "
- 5 Glory to God, in highest strains,
By highest worlds is paid ;
Be glory, then, by us proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd ;
- 6 Till we attain those blissful realms,
Where now our Saviour reigns ;
To rival these celestial choirs
In their immortal strains.

SELECTION 97. (PART XVIII.) C. M.

From the cxix. Psalm of David.

- 1 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom
Wrong'd innocence may trust ;
And, like thyself, thy judgments, Lord,
In all respects are just.
- 5 Tho' trouble, anguish, doubts, and dread,
To compass me unite ;
Beset with danger, still I make
Thy precepts my delight.
- 6 Eternal and unerring rules
Thy testimonies give :
Teach me the wisdom that will make
My soul for ever live.

PART XIX. C. M.

- 1 With my whole heart to God I call'd—
Lord, hear my earnest cry !
And I thy statutes to perform
Will all my care apply.
- 4 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And wonted favour show ;
O quicken me, and so approve
Thy judgments ever true !
- 5 Concerning thy divine commands
My soul has known, of old,
That they were true, and shall their truth
To endless ages hold.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

W. TANSUR. 1735.

SELECTION 85. C. M.

From the xv. Psalm of David.

- 1 O render thanks and bless the Lord,
Invoke his sacred Name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.
- 2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
His wondrous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.
- 3 Rejoice in his almighty Name,
Alone to be adored;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly seek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
Devoutly still implore;
And, where he's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

- 5 The wonders that his hands have wrought
Keep thankfully in mind;
The righteous statutes of his mouth,
And laws to us assign'd.

SELECTION 93. C. M.

From the cxv. Psalm of David.

- 1 Lord, not to us, we claim no share,
But to thy sacred Name

Give glory, for thy mercy's sake,
And truth's eternal fame.

- 2 Why should the Heathen cry, "Where's
The God whom ye adore?" [now
Convince them that in heaven thou art,
And uncontroll'd thy power.
- 3 O Israel, make the Lord your trust,
Who is your help and shield;
Priests, Levites, trust in him alone,
Who only help can yield.
- 4 Let all who truly fear the Lord,
On him they fear rely;
Who them in danger can defend,
And all their wants supply.

SELECTION 42. C. M.

From the xlviii. Psalm of David.

- 1 The Lord, the only God, is great,
And greatly to be praised
In Sion, on whose happy mount
His sacred throne is raised.
- 2 In Sion we have seen perform'd
A work that was foretold,
In pledge, that God, for times to come,
His city will uphold.
- 3 Let Sion's mount with joy resound;
Her daughters all be taught
In songs his judgments to extol,
Who this deliverance wrought.

MANGAN. C. M.

ROSSINI. From "HOLDEN'S SACRED MUSIC."



Come, Lord, and warm each lan-guid heart, In - spire each life - less tongue;

And let the joys of Heav'n im - part Their in - fluence to our song.

HYMN 80. C. M.

- 1 Almighty Lord, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend :
'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone
Our prostrate hopes depend.
- 2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display ;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 How changed, alas ! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame ;
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name.
- 4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
Convert us by thy grace ;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.
- 5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not sink in fear ;
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When God, our God, is near.

SELECTION 106. C. M.
From the cxxxii. Psalm of David.

- 1 O with due reverence let us all
To God's abode repair ;
And, prostrate at his footstool fall'n,
Pour out our humble prayer.
2. Arise, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest ;
Be that, not only with thy ark,
But with thy presence bless'd.

- 3 Clothe thou thy priests with righteousness,
Make thou thy saints rejoice ;
And, for thy servant David's sake,
Hear thy anointed's voice.
- 4 Fair Sion does, in God's esteem,
All other seats excel ;
His place of everlasting rest,
Where he desires to dwell.
- 5 Her store th' Almighty will increase,
Her poor with plenty bless ;
Her saints shall shout for joy, her priests
His saving health confess.

SELECTION 64. C. M.

From the lxxxv. Psalm of David.

- 1 O God our Saviour, all our hearts
To thy obedience turn ;
That quench'd with our repenting tears,
Thy wrath no more may burn.
- 2 For why should'st thou be angry still,
And wrath so long retain ?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints
Thy wonted comfort gain.
- 3 Thy gracious favor, Lord, display,
Which we have long implored ;
And, for thy wondrous mercy's sake,
Thy wonted aid afford.
- 5 To all that fear God's holy Name
His sure salvation's near ;
His glory in our happy land
For ever shall appear.

HERMON. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.

SELECTION 18. C. M.

From the xxiii. Psalm of David.

- 2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.
- 3 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.
- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.
- 5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

SELECTION 19. C. M.

From the xxiv. Psalm of David.

- 1 The spacious earth is all the Lord's,
The Lord's her fullness is;
The world, and they that dwell therein,
By sovereign right are his.
- 2 He framed and fix'd it on the seas;
And his almighty hand
Upon inconstant floods has made
The stable fabric stand.
- 3 But for himself this Lord of all
One chosen seat design'd;
O who shall to that sacred hill
Deserved admittance find ?

- 4 The man whose hands and heart are pure,
Whose thoughts from pride are free;
Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.

SELECTION 109. C. M.

From the cxxxv. Psalm of David.

- 1 O praise the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his Name:
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.
- 2 Praise him, all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care;
With those that to his outmost courts
With humble zeal repair.
- 3 For God his own peculiar choice
The sons of Jacob makes;
And Israel's offspring for his own
Most valued treasure takes.
- 4 That God is great, we often have
By glad experience found;
And seen how he, with wondrous power,
Above all gods is crown'd.
- 5 Let all with thanks his wondrous works
In Sion's courts proclaim;
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,
Exalt his holy Name.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

HEBER. C. M.

KINGALST.

HYMN 182. C. M.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd;
How sweet their memory still:
But now I feel an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help it me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

SELECTION 97. (PART VIII.) C. M.
From the exix. Psalm of David.

1 O Lord, my God, my portion thou
And sure possession art;
Thy words I steadfastly resolve
To treasure in my heart.

2 With all the strength of warm desire,
I did thy grace implore;
Disclose, according to thy word,
Thy mercy's boundless store.

3 With deep reflection and strict care
On all my ways I thought;
And so, reclaim'd to thy just paths,
My wandering steps I brought.

4 Prolonging not the time, my soul
Resolved without delay
To watch, that I might never more
From thy commandments stray.

HYMN 181. C. M.

1 The Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no;

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 My best desires are faint and few,
I faint would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

4 I see thy saints with comfort fill'd.
When in thy house of prayer;
But still in bondage I am held,
And find no comfort there.

5 O make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break;
And heal it, if it be.

VARINA. C. M. Double.

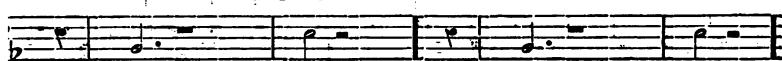
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{ There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; }
 E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And plea-sures ban - ish pain. }



There ev - er - last - ing spring abides, And nev - er-fad - ing flowers,



Death, like a nar - row sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.



HYMN 147. C. M.

1 I can read my title clear
 mansions in the skies,
 id farewell to every fear,
 d wipe my weeping eyes.

ld earth against my soul engage,
 d fiery darts be hurl'd,
 I can smile at Satan's rage,
 d face a frowning world.

ares like a wild deluge come,
 t storms of sorrow fall;
 but safely reach my home,
 y God, my heaven, my all:

e, anchor'd safe, my weary soul
 all find eternal rest;
 storms shall beat, nor billows roll
 cross my peaceful breast.

SELECTION 39. C. M.

From the xiv. Psalm of David.

1 While I the King's loud praise rehearse,
 Indited by my heart,
 My tongue is like the pen of him
 That writes with ready art.

2 How matchless is thy form, O King!
 Thy mouth with grace o'erflows;
 Because fresh blessings God on thee
 Eternally bestows.

3 Gird on thy sword, most mighty Prince;
 And, clad in rich array,
 With glorious ornaments of power,
 Majestic pomp display.

4 Ride on in state, and still protect
 The meek, the just, and true;
 Whilst thy right hand, with swift revenge,
 Does all thy foes pursue.

TALLIS. C. M. Chant.

O all ye na - tions, praise the Lord, Each with a different tongue;
In ev - ery language learn his word, And let his name be sung.

TALLIS.

In ev - ery language learn his word, And let his name be sung.

SELECTION 94. C. M.

From the cxvi. Psalm of David.

- 1 My soul with grateful thoughts of love
Entirely is possess'd,
Because the Lord vouchsafed to hear
The voice of my request.
- 2 Since he has now his ear inclin'd,
I never will despair;
But still in all the straits of life
To him address my prayer.
- 4 On God's Almighty name I call'd,
And thus to him I pray'd;
"Lord I beseech thee save my soul,
With sorrows quite dismay'd."

SELECTION 4. C. M.

From the iv. Psalm of David.

- 1 Consider that the righteous man
Is God's peculiar choice;
And when to him I make my prayer,
He always hears my voice.
- 2 Then stand in awe of his commands,
Flee everything that's ill,
Commune in private with your hearts,
And bend them to his will.
- 8 The sacrifice of righteousness
Present to God on high;
And let your hope, securely fix'd,
On him alone rely.

SELECTION 12. C. M.

From the xv. Psalm of David.

- 1 Lord, who's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair,
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?
- 2 'Tis he who walketh uprightly,
Whom righteousness directs;
Whose generous tongue despains to speak,
The thing his heart rejects.
- 5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And, though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.
- 7 The man, who by this righteous course
Has happiness ensured,
When earth's foundation shakes, shall
By Providence secured. [stand,
- SELECTION 62. C. M.
- From the lxxxi. Psalm of David.
- 1 To God our never-failing strength,
With loud applauses sing:
And jointly make a cheerful noise
To Jacob's awful King.
- 2 Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
Your instruments of joy;
Let psalteries and tuneful harps
Your grateful skill employ.

CHINA. C. M.

Thou, gracious God, art my defence, On thee my hopes re-ly;
 Thou art my glo-ry, and shalt yet Lift up my head on high.

HYMN 124. C. M.

r what the voice from heaven declares
 o those in Christ who die!
 leased from all their earthly cares,
 hey'll reign with him on high."

n why lament departed friends,
 r shake at death's alarms?
 th's but the servant Jesus sends
 o call us to his arms.

in be pardon'd, we're secure,
 eath hath no sting beside;
 law gave sin its strength and power;
 ut Christ, our ransom, died.

graves of all his saints he bless'd,
 hen in the grave he lay;
 , rising thence, their hopes he raised
 o everlasting day!

n, joyfully, while life we have,
 o Christ, our life, we'll sing,
 here is thy victory, O grave?
 nd where, O death, thy sting?"

HYMN 192. C. M.

n rising from the bed of death,
 'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 e my Maker, face to face;
 how shall I appear!

et, while pardon may be found,
 nd mercy may be sought,
 heart with inward horror shrinks,
 nd trembles at the thought;

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 O how shall I appear?

4 But thou hast told the troubled mind
 Who does her sins lament,
 That faith in Christ's atoning blood
 Shall endless woe prevent.

5 Then never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to procure,
 Who knows thine only Son has died
 To make that pardon sure.

SELECTION 97. (PART XIII.) C. M.

From the cxix. Psalm of David.

1 The love that to thy laws I bear
 No language can display;
 They with fresh wonder entertain
 My raptured thoughts all day.

2 My feet with care I have refrain'd
 From every sinful way,
 That to thy sacred word I might
 Entire obedience pay.

4 How sweet are all thy words to me;
 O what divine repast!
 How much more grateful to my soul
 Than honey to my taste!

5 Taught by thy sacred precepts, I
 With heavenly skill am blest;
 Through which the treacherous way of sin
 I utterly detest.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arranged from Gregorian Tone I, by Dr. L. MASON.

My God, permit me not to be A stranger to my-self and thee:

Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove, For-get-ful of my high-est love.

HYMN 57. L. M.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forgo?
3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw we thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

HYMN 50. L. M.

1 The God of life, whose constant care
With blessings crowns each opening year,
My scanty span doth still prolong,
And wakes anew mine annual song.
2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since to this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly period run!
7 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach that place;
No groans, to mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues:
8 No more alarms from ghostly foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
9 O long-expected year! begin;
Dawn on this world of woe and sin;
Pain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest with God.

SELECTION 83. (PART I.) L. M.

From the civ. Psalm of David.

1 Bless God, my soul; thou, Lord, alone
Possessest empire without bounds,
With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne
Eternal majesty surrounds.
2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take;
Heaven's curtains stretch beyond the globe
Thy canopy of state to make.
3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace-chambers in the skies;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
The swift-wing'd steeds with which he
flies.
SELECTION 50. (PART II.) L. M.
From the lxv. Psalm of David.
1 Lord, from thy unexhausted store,
Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground;
Makes lands, that barren were before,
With corn and useful fruits abound.
2 On rising ridges down it pours,
And every furrow'd valley fills;
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle showers,
In which a blest increase distils.
3 Thy goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown;
And where thy glorious paths appear,
The fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

NUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON



Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song, My song on them shall ev - er dwell;



To a - ges yet un - born, my tongue, Thy nev - er - fail - ing mer - cies tell.



SELECTION 74. L. M.

From the xcv. Psalm of David.
ne, loud anthems let us sing,
thanks to our Almighty King;
re our voices high shall raise,
our salvation's rock we praise.

his presence let us haste,
ank him for his favors past;
m address, in joyful songs,
raise that to his Name belongs:
us to his courts repair,
bow with adoration there;
on our knees devoutly all
e the Lord, our Maker, fall.
e's our God, our Shepherd he,
ock and pasture-sheep are we:
n, ye faithful flock, to-day
arning hear, his voice obey.

HYMN 99. L. M.

Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
lendid triumph o'er his foes,
er'd his gifts on men below,
wide his royal bounties flow.
e sprang the Apostle's honor'd name,
d beyond heroic fame;
e dictates the Prophetic sage,
hence the Evangelic page.
wer forms, to bless our eyes,
rs from hence and Teachers rise;
though with feebler rays they shine,
mark a long-extended line:

4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And, fed by him, their graces live;
Whilst, guarded by his potent hand,
Amidst the rage of hell they stand.

5 So shall the bright succession run,
Through all the courses of the sun;
Whilst unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

6 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

HYMN 97. L. M.

St. Matt. x.

1 Go forth, ye heralds, in my Name,
Sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.

2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

3 Be wise as serpents where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That ye're commission'd from above.

4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labors, sinners live.

THE OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ; Praise him, all creatures here be - low ;
 Praise him a - bove, ye heavenly host ; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

SELECTION 79. L. M.

From the c. Psalm of David.

- 1 With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his Name with praises bless.
- 4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

HYMN 103. L. M.

Psalm cxvii.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Jehovah's glorious Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN 77. L. M.

1 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Bright in thy deeds and in thy Name,
For ever be thy Name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.

4 O God Triune, to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song ;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

SELECTION 91. L. M.

From the cxl. Psalm of David.

- 1 That man is bless'd who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law ;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd
And with successive honours crown'd.
- 2 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night ;
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all mankind.

WARE. L. M.

KINGSLEY.

O happy day that stays my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God,
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell thy goodness all a-broad.

HYMN 89. L. M.

2 O happy bond ! that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love ;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to his sacred throne I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine ;
Help me through grace to follow on,
Glad to confess thy voice divine.

4 Here rest, my oft divided heart,
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest :
Who with the world would grieve to part,
When call'd on angels' food to feast.

SELECTION 68. L. M.

From the lxxxix. Psalm of David.

1 Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell :
To ages yet unborn, my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

2 I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
Thy mercy shall forever last ;
Thy truth, that does the heavens sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.

3 Thy saints shall always be o'erjoyed,
Who on thy sacred Name rely ;
And, in thy righteousness employ'd,
Above their foes be raised on high.

14 For in thy strength they shall advance,
Whose conquests from thy favor spring ;
The Lord of hosts is our defence,
And Israel's God our Israel's King.

HYMN 72. L. M.

1 He dies ! the friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !

2 Ye saints approach ! the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load !
He gives his precious life for you,
For you he sheds his precious blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree !
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus, the dead, revives again !

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb ;
Up to his Father's court he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies !

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell,
How high our great deliverer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains !

WIMBORNE. L. M.

WURZBURG.

Almighty Father! bless thy word Which, thro' thy grace, we now have heard;
O may the precious seed take root, Spring up and bear abundant fruit.

HYMN 123. L. M.

- 1 My God, since thou hast raised me up.
Thee I'll extol with thankful voice;
Restored by thine Almighty power,
With fear before thee I'll rejoice.
- 2 With troubles worn, with pain opprest,
To thee I cried, and thou didst save;
Thou didst support my sinking hopes,
My life didst rescue from the grave.
- 3 Wherefore, ye saints, rejoice with me,
With me sing praises to the Lord;
Call all his goodness to your mind,
And all his faithfulness record.
- 4 His anger is but short: his love,
Which is our life, hath certain stay;
Grief may continue for a night,
But joy returns with rising day.
- 5 Then, what I vow'd in my distress,
In happier hours I now will give,
And strive that in my grateful verse,
His praises may for ever live.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
The blest and undivided Three;
The One sole giver of all life,
Glory and praise for ever be.

HYMN 164. L. M.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past;
Live this day, as if 'twere thy last;
To improve thy talents take due care;
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
"Glory to thee, eternal King."
- 4 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 5 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BRETEBY. L. M.

RUSSIAN MELODY.



All glorious God, what hymns of praise Shall our transport-ed voi - ces raise!



What ardent love and zeal are due, While heaven stands o - pen to our view'

HYMN 15. L. M.

- 2 Once we were fallen, and O how low!
Just on the brink of endless woe;
When Jesus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,
- 3 Scatter'd the shades of death and night,
And spread around his heavenly light:
By him what wondrous grace is shown
To souls impoverish'd and undone.
- 4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours;
Where saints in light our coming wait,
To share their holy, happy state.

SELECTION 72. L. M.

From the xclii. Psalm of David.

- 1 With glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How surely establish'd is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see:
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in thy house would dwell,

That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

HYMN 8. L. M.

- 1 Eternal Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee, sov'reign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all the coasts redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

LOUVAN. L. M.

HYMN 102. L. M.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head,
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more :
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our king :
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

HYMN 70. L. M.

Col. iii. 1, 2.

- 1 Ye faithful souls who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare :

- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven,
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to Heaven.
- 3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting power to reign.

- 4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your destined place,
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

SELECTION 11. L. M.

From the xiv. Psalm of David.

- 1 The Lord look'd down from heaven's high tower,
And all the sons of men did view,
To see if any own'd his power,
If any truth or justice knew ;
- 2 But all, he saw, were gone aside,
All were degenerate grown, and base ;
None took religion for their guide,
Not one of all the sinful race.
- 3 How will they tremble then for fear,
When his just wrath shall them o'ertake :
For to the righteous God is near,
And never will their cause forsake.
- 4 Oh, that from Sion he'd employ
His might, and burst th' oppressive band !
Then shouts of universal joy
Should loudly echo through the land.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

BRADBURY.

SELECTION 50. (PART I.) L. M.

From the lxx. Psalm of David.

- 1 For thee, O God, our constant praise
In Sion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.
- 2 Thou, who to every humble prayer
Dost always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.
- 3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.
- 4 Bless'd is the man, who, near thee placed,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives!
'Tis there abundantly we taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.

HYMN 140. L. M.

- 1 Faith is the Christian's evidence
Of things unseen by mortal eye;
It passes all the bounds of sense,
And penetrates the inmost sky.
- 2 Things absent it can set in view,
And bring far distant prospects home;
Events long past it can renew,
And long foresee the things to come.
- 3 With strong persuasion, from afar
The heavenly region it surveys,
Embraces all the blessings there,
And here enjoys the promises.

- 4 By faith a steady course we steer,
Through ruffling storms and swelling
seas.
O'ercome the world, keep down our fear,
And still possess our souls in peace.
- 5 By faith we pass the vale of tears
Safe and serene, though oft distress'd;
By faith subdue the king of fears,
And go rejoicing to our rest.

HYMN 98. L. M.

St. Mark xvi. 15, &c., and St. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

- 1 "Go, preach my Gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive:
Explain to them thy sacred word,
Bid them believe, obey, and live."
- 2 "I'll make my great commission known,
And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
And all the wonders ye shall do."
- 3 "Go, heal the sick, go, raise the dead;
Go cast out devils in my Name;
Nor let my prophets be afraid,
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews
blaspheme."
- 4 "While thus ye follow my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and can defend."
- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

CAMPBELL. L. M.

MODERN HARP.

1. My God, permit me not to be A stranger to my-self and thee:
 A-midst a thousand thot's I rove, For-get-ful of my high-est love.

HYMN 100. L. M.

- 1 Father of mercies bow thine ear,
 Attentive to our earnest prayer;
 We plead for those who plead for thee,
 Successful pleaders may they be!
- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
 Do thou their anxious souls enlarge.
 Their best acquirments are our gain,
 We share the blessing they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,
 Their words, and let those words be thine:
 To them thy sacred truth reveal,
 Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
 Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
 Teach them immortal souls to gain—
 Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around,
 Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
 In humble strains thy grace implore,
 And feel thy new creating power.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
 Distressed souls forget their pains,
 Let light through distant realms be spread,
 And Zion rear her drooping head.

HYMN 78. L. M.

- 1 Father of all, whose love profound
 A ransom for our souls hath found,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;
 To us thy pardoning love extend!

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;
 To us thy saving grace extend!

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
 The soul is raised from sin and death,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;
 To us thy quickening power extend!

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
 Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;
 Grace, pardon, life, to us extend!

HYMN 82. L. M.

- 1 Now may the God of grace and power
 Attend his people's humble cry;
 Defend them in the needful hour,
 And send deliverance from on high.
- 2 In his salvation is our hope,
 And in the name of Israel's God
 Our troops shall lift their banners up,
 Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 3 Some trust in horses trained for war,
 And some of chariots make their boasts;
 Our surest expectations are
 From thee the Lord of heavenly hosts!
- 4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
 And let our trust be firm and strong,
 Till thy salvation shall appear,
 And hymns of peace conclude our song.

MOZART. L. M.

SELECTION 81. L. M.

From the cxlii. Psalm of David.

- 1 My soul, inspired with sacred love,
God's holy Name for ever bless ;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.
- 4 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace ;
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.
- 5 God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part ;
And loves his punishments to guide
More by his love than our desert.
- 13 Let every creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord ; and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

HYMN 67. L. M.

- 1 High on the bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string ?
Still mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Sion's song denies to sing ?
- 2 Awake ! thy loudest raptures raise,
Let harp and voice unite their strains :
Thy promised King his sceptre sways ;
Behold, thy own Messiah reigns.

3 By foreign streams no longer roam,
And, weeping, think on Jordan's flood ;
In every clime behold a home ;
In every temple see thy God.

- 4 No taunting foes the song require ;
No strangers mock thy captive chain ;
Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.
- 5 Then why on bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string ?
Why mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Sion's song delays to sing ?

SELECTION 116. L. M.

From the cxliv. Psalm of David.

- 1 Lord, what's in man, that thou should'st love
Of him such tender care to take ?
What in his offspring could thee move
Such great account of him to make ?
- 2 The life of man does quickly fade,
His thoughts but empty are and vain,
His days are like a flying shade,
Of whose short stay no signs remain.
- 3 To thee, almighty King of kings,
In new-made hymns my voice I'll raise ;
And instruments of many strings
Shall help me to adore and praise.

TAPPAN. L. M.

KINGSLEY.

To Jesus, our exalt-ed Lord, That Name in heav'n and earth adored, Fain would our
 hearts and voices raise A cheerful song of sacred praise, A cheerful song of sacred praise.

SELECTION 58. L. M.

From the lxviii. Psalm of David.

- 1 The servants of Jehovah's will
 His favor's gentle beams enjoy.
 Their upright hearts let gladness fill,
 And cheerful songs their tongues employ.
- 2 To him your voice in anthems raise,
 Jehovah's awful name he bears;
 In him rejoice, extol his praise,
 Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.
- 3 His chariots numberless, his powers
 Are heavenly hosts, that wait his will;
 His presence now fills Sion's towers,
 As once it honor'd Sinai's hill.
- 4 Ascending high, in triumph thou
 Captivity hast captive led,
 And on thy people didst bestow
 Thy gifts and graces freely shed.
- 5 E'en rebels shall partake thy grace,
 And humble proselytes repair
 To worship at thy dwelling-place,
 And all the world pay homage there.
- 6 For benefits each day bestow'd,
 Be daily his great Name adored,
 Who is our Saviour and our God,
 Of life and death the sovereign Lord.

SELECTION 54. (PART II.) L. M.

From the lix. Psalm of David.

- 1 My soul, howe'er distress'd and poor,
 Thy strong salvation shall restore:

Thy power with songs I'll then proclaim,
 And celebrate with thanks thy Name.

- 2 Our God shall this more highly prize
 Than herds and flocks in sacrifice;
 Which humble saints with joy shall see,
 And hope for like redress with me.
- 3 For God regards the poor's complaint,
 And frees the captive from restraint.
 Let heaven, earth, sea, their voices raise,
 And all the world resound his praise.

HYMN 37. L. M.

- 1 My opening eyes with rapture see
 The dawn of thy returning day;
 My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
 While thus my early vows I pay.
- 2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
 Nor would receive another guest;
 Eternal King! erect thy throne,
 And reign sole monarch in my breast.
- 3 O bid this trifling world retire,
 And drive each carnal thought away;
 Nor let me feel one vain desire,
 One sinful thought, through all the day.
- 4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
 My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
 The wonders of thy love declare,
 And join the strains which angels sing.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom earth and heaven adore,
 Be glory, as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

MISSIONARY. L. M.

*

O Spirit of the liv - ing God! In all thy plen - i - tude of grace,

Where'er the foot of man hath trod, Descent on our a - pos - tate race!

SELECTION 74. L. M.

From the xv. Psalm of David.

- 1 O come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King ; •
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.
- 2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past ;
To him address in joyful songs,
The praise that to his Name belongs.
- 3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory, great ;
A King superior far to all
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.
- 4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command ;
The strength of hills that reach the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.
- 5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his ;
'Twas made by his almighty hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid land.
- 6 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

7 For he's our God, our shepherd he,
His flock and pasture-sheep are we :
O then, ye faithful flock, to-day
His warning hear, his voice obey.

HYNN 85. L. M.

- 1 Salvation doth to God belong,
His power and grace shall be our song ;
From him alone all mercies flow,
His arm alone subdues the foe !
- 2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear
Propitiousto his people's prayer ;
And though deliverance he may stay,
Yet answers still in his own day.
- 3 O may this goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour, and our King ;
- 4 Till every public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise ;
And every peaceful, private home,
To thee a temple shall become.
- 5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight ;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

GERMANY. L. M.

As when the weary traveler gains The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains He sees his home, tho' distant still.

HYMN 186. L. M.

Heaven seen by Faith.

2 So, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renewes,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The hope of heaven his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for sorrows past;
Nor any future conflict fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 O Lord, on thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to thine abode;
Assured thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labours of the road.

SELECTION 57. L. M.

From the lxxiii. Psalm of David.

3 Thy presence, Lord, hath me supplied,
Thou my right hand support dost give,
Thou first shalt with thy counsel guide,
And then to glory me receive.

2 Whom then in heaven, but thee alone,
Have I, whose favour I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there's none,
Compared with thee, that I desire.

3 My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succour me;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

SELECTION 84. L. M.

From the xl. Psalm of David.

1 I waited weekly for the Lord,
Till he vouchsafed a kind reply;
Who did his gracious ear afford,
And heard from heaven my humble cry.

2 The wonders he for me has wrought
Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise,
And others, to his worship brought,
To hopes of like deliverance raise.

3 For blessings shall that man reward,
Who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
Who treats the proud with disregard,
And hates the hypocrite's disguise.

SELECTION 61. L. M.
From the lxxx. Psalm of David.

1 O Thou whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
How long thy suffering people pray,
And to their prayers have no return?

2 Thou brought'st a vine from Egypt's land;
And casting out the heathen race,
Didst plant it with thine own right hand,
And firmly fix it in their place.

5 That generations yet to come
Should to their unborn heirs
Religiously transmit the same,
And they again to theirs.

ERNAN. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone: Let my re - li-gious hours a - lone:
 rom flesh and sense I would be free, And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

HYMN 36. L. M.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
 And kindles with a pure desire,
 To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
 And feel thine influence from above.

3 When I can say that God is mine,
 When I can see thy glories shine,
 I'll tread the world beneath my feet,
 And all that men call rich and great.

HYMN 161. L. M.

1 Lord! unafflicted, undismay'd,
 In pleasure's path how long I stray'd,
 But thou hast made me feel thy rod!
 And turn'd my soul to thee, my God.

2 What though it pierced my fainting heart,
 I bless thy hand that caused the smart;
 It taught my tears awhile to flow,
 But saved me from eternal woe!

3 O, hadst thou left me unchastised,
 Thy precepts I had still despised,
 And still the snare in secret laid
 Had my unwary feet betray'd.

4 I love thy chastenings, O my God,
 They fix my hopes on thy abode;
 Where, in thy presence, fully blest,
 Thy stricken saints for ever rest.

HYMN 178. L. M.

1 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the Christian life.

2 O how benevolent and kind,
 How mild, how ready to forgive;
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.

3 To do his heavenly Father's will
 Was his employment and delight;
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone through his life divinely bright.

4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
 The labors of his life were love;
 Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
 By his example let us move.

5 But, ah, how blind, how weak we are,
 How frail, how apt to turn aside;
 Lord, we depend upon thy care:
 We ask thy Spirit for our guide.

6 Thy fair example may we trace,
 To teach us what we ought to be;
 Make us by thy transforming grace,
 O Saviour, daily more like thee.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom earth and heaven adore,
 Be glory, as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

SELECTION 27. L. M.

From the xxxii Psalm of David.

- 2 No sooner I my wound disclosed,
The guilt that tortured me within,
But thy forgiveness interposed,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
- 3 Sorrows on sorrows multiplied,
The harden'd sinner shall confound;
But them who in His truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.
- 4 His saints, that have perform'd his laws,
Their life in triumph shall employ;
Let them, as they alone have cause,
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

HYMN 165. L. M.

Morning.

- 1 Arise, my soul, with rapture rise,
And, fill'd with love and fear, adore
The awful Sovereign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends me one day more.
- 2 And may this day, indulgent Power,
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
But may each swiftly-flying hour
Still nearer bring my soul to Thee.
- 3 But can it be? That power divine
Is thronged in light's unbounded blaze,
And countless worlds and angels join
To swell the glorious song of praise.

4 And will He deign to lend an ear,
When I, poor abject mortal, pray?
Yes, boundless goodness, He will hear,
Nor cast the mearest wretch away.

5 Then let me serve Thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase:
For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

SELECTION 38. L. M.

From the xliii Psalm of David.

- 1 Let me with light and truth be bless'd;
Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.
- 2 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, who is my only joy;
And well-tuned harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.
- 3 Why then cast down, my soul? and why
So much oppress'd with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

CAMPBELL. L. M.

MODERN HARP.

1. My God, permit me not to be A stranger to my-self and thee:
 A-midst a tbousand that's I rove, For-get -ful of my high- est love.

HYMN 62. L. M.

- When I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.
- See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown?
- Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

HYMN 118. L. M.

- God of the seas, thine awful voice
Bids all the rolling waves rejoice;
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent on the sand.
- The smallest fish that swims the seas,
Sportful, to thee a tribute pays;
And largest monsters of the deep,
At thy command, or rage or sleep.
- Thus is thy glorious power ador'd
Among the watery nations, Lord:
Yet men, who trace the dangerous waves,
Forget the mighty God who saves.

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HYMN 121. L. M.

- When dangers, woes, or death are nigh,
Past mercies teach me where to fly:
Thine arm, Almighty God, can aid,
When sickness grieves and pains invade.
- To all the various helps of art
Kindly thy healing power impart;
Bethesda's bath refused to save,
Unless an angel blessed the wave.
- All med'cines act by thy decree,
Receive commission all from thee;
And not a plant which spreads the plains,
But teems with health when heaven ordains.
- Clay and Siloam's pool, we find,
At heaven's command, restored the blind;
And Jordan's waters hence were seen
To wash a Syrian leper clean.
- But grant me nobler favours still,
Grant me to know and do thy will;
Purge my foul soul from every stain,
And save me from eternal pain.
- Can such a wretch for pardon sue?
My crimes, my crimes arise in view,
Arrest my trembling tongue in prayer,
And pour the horrors of despair.
- But thou, regard my contrite sighs,
My tortured breast, my streaming eyes;
To me thy boundless love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.

WARD. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

Great God, to thee my evening song With humble grat-i-tude I raise;
O, let thy mer-ry tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise.

SELECTION 83. (PART II.) L. M.

From the civ. Psalm of David.

- 1 How various, Lord, thy works are found,
For which thy wisdom we adore !
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,
Till nature's hand can grasp no more.
- 2 All creatures, both of sea and land,
In sense of common want agree ;
All wait on thy dispensing hand,
And have their daily alms from thee.
- 3 They gather what thy stores disperse,
Without their trouble to provide.
Thou op'st thy hand, the universe,
The craving world, is all supplied.
- 6 Thus, through successive ages stands
Firm fix'd thy providential care ;
Pleas'd with the work of thine own hands,
Thou dost the wastes of time repair.

HYMN 108. L. M.

- 1 Disown'd of Heaven, by man oppress'd,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground,
Wherefore should Israel's sons, once
bless'd.
Still roam the scorning world around ?
- 2 Lord, visit thy forsaken race,
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring,
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promis'd King.

- 4 Hail, glorious day, expected long !
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall
pour ;
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

HYMN 14. L. M.

From Job. ix. 30-33.

- 1 Though I should seek to wash me clean
In water of the driven snow,
My soul would yet its spot retain,
And sink in conscious guilt and woe :
- 2 The Spirit, in his power divine,
Would cast my vaunting soul to earth,
Expose the foulness of its sin,
And show the vileness of its worth.
- 3 Ah, not like erring man is God,
That men to answer him should dare ;
Condemn'd, and into silence awed,
They helpless stand before his bar.
- 4 There, must a Mediator plead,
Who, God and man, may both embrace ;
With God, for man to intercede,
And offer man the purchased grace.
- 5 And lo ! the Son of God is slain
To be this Mediator crown'd :
In him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,
In him thy righteousness be found !

HANDEL. C. M.

Dr. LOWELL MARSH.

Fa - ther, what'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov'- reign will de - nies,
Ac - cepted at thy throne, let this, My hum - ble prayer, a - rise.

Ac - cepted at thy throne, let this, My hum - ble prayer, a - rise.

HYMN 125. C. M.

- 1 When those we love are snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
That friendship must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
With awful power impress'd;
May this dread truth, "I too must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world allure no more;
Behold the opening tomb;
It bids us use the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this instructive scene
May every heart obey!
Nor be the faithful warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O let us to that Saviour fly,
Whose arm alone can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

SELECTION 97. (PART XVI.) C. M.
From the cxix. Psalm of David.

- 1 Mine eyes, alas! begin to fail,
In long expectance held;
Till thy salvation they behold
And righteous word fulfill'd.
- 2 To me, thy servant in distress,
Thy wond'ring grace display,

And discipline my willing heart
Thy statutes to obey.

- 3 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Thy sacred skill bestow,
That of thy testimonies I
The full extent may know.
- 4 Thy laws and precepts I account
In all respects divine;
They teach me to discern the right,
And all false ways decline.

HYMN 126. C. M.
Death of a Young Person.

- 1 How short the race our friend has run,
Cut down in all his bloom!
The course but yesterday begun
Now finish'd in the tomb!
- 2 Thou joyous youth! hence learn how soon
Thy years may end their flight;
Long, long before life's brilliant noon
May come death's gloomy night.
- 3 To serve thy God no longer wait,
To-day his voice regard;
To-morrow mercy's open gate
May be for ever barr'd.
- 4 And thus the Lord reveals his grace
Thy youthful love to gain;
The soul that early seeks my face
Shall never seek in vain.

HERMON. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.

SELECTION 60. C. M.

From the lxxviii. Psalm of David.

- 1 Hear, O my people; to my law
Devout attention lend;
Let the instruction of my mouth
Deep in your hearts descend.
- 2 My tongue shall oracles proclaim
Which ancient times have known;
The truths which our forefathers' care,
To us has handed down.
- 3 We will not hide them from our sons,
Our offspring shall be taught
The praises of the Lord, whose strength
Has works of wonder wrought.
- 6 To teach them that in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they should ne'er his works forget,
But keep his just commands.

HYMN 43. C. M.

From Luke ii. 8-15.

- 1 While Shepherds watched their flocks by
All seated on the ground, [night,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to
men,
Begin and never cease."

SELECTION 97. (PART XVII.) C. M.

From the cxix. Psalm of David.

- 1 The wonders which thy laws contain
No words can represent;
Therefore to learn and practise them
My zealous heart is bent.
- 2 The very entrance to thy word
Celestial light displays,
And knowledge of true happiness
To simplest minds conveys.
- 4 With favour, Lord, look down on me,
Who thy relief implore;
As thou art wont to visit those
Who thy blest Name adore.
- 6 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord, make thy face to shine:
Thy statutes both to know and keep
My heart with zeal incline.

HEBER. C. M.

KINGSLEY.

SELECTION 98. C. M.

From the cxxi. Psalm of David.

- 1 To Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid ;
From Sion's hill and Sion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.
- 2 He will not let thy foot be moved,
Thy guardian will not sleep ;
Behold, the God who slumbers not
Will favour'd Israel keep.
- 3 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night n'lest.
- 5 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend ;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.

HYMN 202. C. M.

Genesis xxviii. 20, 21.

- 1 God of our fathers, by whose hand
Thy people still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage ;
Conduct us to our rest.
- 2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 8 O spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,
And portion evermore.

SELECTION 97. (PART XI.V.) C. M.

From the cxix. Psalm of David.

- 1 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
'I he way of truth to show ;
A watch-light, to point out the path
In which I ought to go.
- 2 I've vow'd, and from covenant, Lord,
Will never start aside,
That in thy righteous judgments I
Will steadfastly abide.
- 3 Let still my sacrifice of praise
With thee acceptance find ;
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Instruct my willing mind.

SELECTION 28. (PART II.) C. M.

From the xxxiii. Psalm of David.

- 1 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand for ever sure ;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.
- 2 How happy then are they, to whom
The Lord for God is known !
Whom he, from all the world besides,
Has chosen for his own.
- 3 Our soul on God with patience waits ;
Our help and shield is he :
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.

ORTONVILLE. G. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.

Re-gard my words, O gra-cious Lord, Ac-cept my se - cret prayer; To
thee a-lone, my King, my God, Will I for help re-pair.

SELECTION 97. (PART III.) C. M.

From the cxix. Psalm of David.

- 1 Be gracious to thy servant, Lord;
Do thou my life defend,
That I according to thy word
My time to come may spend.
- 2 Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
That so I may discern
The wondrous things which they behold,
Who thy just precepts learn.
- 5 But far from me do thou, O Lord,
Contempt and shame remove :
For I thy sacred law affect
With undissembled love.
- 6 For thy commands have always been
My comfort and delight;
By them I learn with prudent care
To guide my steps aright.

HYMN 26. C. M.

Heb. xii. 18, 22-24.

- 1 Not to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke :
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.
- 8 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just
Whose faith is changed to sight.

4 Behold the blest assembly there
Whose names are writ in heaven;
Hear God, the judge of all, declare
Their sins, through Christ, forgiven!

SELECTION 69. C. M.

From the xc. Psalm of David.

- 1 O Lord, the Saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast bee n
Our sure abiding place.
- 3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made :
And when thou speak'st the word "Re-
'Tis instantly obey'd. [turn,"
- 4 For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past;
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

SELECTION 1. C. M.

From the i. Psalm of David.

- 1 How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk,
Nor stands in sinner's ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk;
- 2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.
- 3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

DEDHAM. C. M.

W.M. GARDNER.

Thou art the way, to thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;

And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

SELECTION 78. C. M.

From the xciv. Psalm of David.

- 1 Bless'd is the man, whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.
- 2 For God will never from his saints
His favour wholly take;
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.
- 6 My soul's defence is firmly placed
In God, the Lord most high:
He is my rock, to which I may
For refuge always fly.

HYMN 206. C. M.

Isaiah xl. 27-31.

- 1 Why mournest thou, my anxious soul,
Despairing of relief,
As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cares,
Or pitied not thy grief?
- 2 Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard,
That firm remains on high,
The everlasting throne of Him
Who made the earth and sky?
- 4 Supreme in wisdom as in power
The Rock of Ages stands;
Thou canst not search his mind, nor trace
The working of his hands.

5 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

- 7 They, with unwearied step, shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.
- 8 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar
On wings of faith and love;
Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,
They rise to heaven above.

HYMN 120. C. M.

- 1 Lord, for the just thou dost provide,
Thou art their sure defence;
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

- 2 Though they through foreign lands shoul
And breathe the tainted air [roam
In burning climates, far from home,
Yet thou, their God, art there,
- 4 When waves on waves, to heaven uprear'd,
Defied the pilot's art;
When terror in each face appear'd,
And sorrow in each heart;
- 6 Thou gav'st the word, the winds did cease,
The storms obey'd thy will,
The raging sea was hush'd in peace,
And every wave was still.

DUNDEE. C. M.

The Lord him - self, the mighty Lord, Vouchsafes to be my guide;

The shepherd, by whose constant care My wants are all sup - plied.

SELECTION 17. C. M.

From the xxii. Psalm of David.

- 1 My God, my God, why leavest thou me,
When I with anguish faint?
O! why so far from me removed,
And from my loud complaint?
- 2 Lo! I am treated like a worm,
Like none of human birth;
Not only by the great reviled,
But made the rabble's mirth.
- 3 With laughter all the gazing crowd,
My agonies survey;
They shoot the lip, they shake the head,
And thus deriding say:
- 4 "In God he trusted, boasting oft
That he was heaven's delight;
Let God come down to save him now,
And own his favorite."

SELECTION 103. C. M.

From the cxxviii. Psalm of David.

- 1 The man is blest that fears the Lord,
Nor only worship pays,
But keeps his steps confined with care
To his appointed ways.
- 2 He shall upon the sweet returns
Of his own labor feed;
Without dependence live, and see
His wishes all succeed.
- 3 Who fears the Lord shall prosper thus;
Him Sion's God shall bless,
And grant him all his days to see
Jerusalem's success.

SELECTION 33. C. M.

From the xxxix. Psalm of David.

- 1 Lord, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end:
The numerous train of ills disclose,
Which this frail state attend.
- 2 My life, thou know'st, is but a span,
A cypher sums my years:
And every man, in his best estate,
But vanity appears.
- 3 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppress'd;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be posses'd.
- 4 Why then should I on worthless toys,
With anxious cares attend?
On thee alone my steadfast hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

HYMN 188. C. M.

Job, xiv. 1, 2, 5, 6.

- 1 Few are thy days and full of wo,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
To dust shalt thou return."
- 2 Behold the emblem of thy state
In flowers that bloom and die,
Or in the shadow's fleeting form
That mocks the gazer's eye.
- 4 Great God! afflict not, in thy wrath,
The short allotted span,
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.

WIMBORNE. L. M.

WHITAKER.

Almighty Father! bless thy word Which, thro' thy grace, we now have heard;
 O may the precious seed take root, Spring up and bear a-bun-dant fruit.

HYMN 89. L. M.

After Sermon.

2 We praise thee for the means of grace,
 Thus in thy courts to seek thy face:
 Grant, Lord, that we who worship we here
 May all, at length, in heaven appear.

HYMN 154. L. M.

Psalm c.

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone;
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
 And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
 What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy Name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heaven our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love;
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

SELECTION 76. L. M.

From the xxvii. Psalm of David.

- 1 Jehovah reigns, let all the earth
 In his just government rejoice;
 Let all the lands, with sacred mirth,
 In his applause unite their voice.
- 2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade
 His dazzling glory shroud in state;
 Judgment and righteousness are made
 The habitation of his seat.
- 6 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord;
 Memorials of his holiness
 Deep in your faithful breasts record,
 And with your thankful tongues confess.

SELECTION 20. L. M.

From the xxxvi. Psalm of David.

- 1 O Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope,
 The highest orb of heaven transcends;
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
 Beyond the spreading sky extends.
- 2 Thy justice like the hills remains,
 Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
 Thy providence the world sustains,
 The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
 With what assurance should the just
 Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
 And saints to thy protection trust!

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arranged from Gregorian Tonic I, by Dr. L. MASON.

My God, permit me not to be A stranger to my-self and thee:

Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove, For-get-ful of my high-est love.

HYMN 168. L. M.

- Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.
- Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be,
- Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.
- O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King.
- Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

SELECTION 90. L. M.

From the cxii. Psalm of David.

- Praise ye the Lord! our God to praise
My soul her utmost power shall raise;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.
- His works, for greatness though renown'd,
His wondrous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.
- His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.
- Lord, who's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair,
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?
- 'Tis he who walketh uprightly,
Whom righteousness directs;
Whose generous tongue despains to speak
The thing his heart rejects.
- Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect.
- Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And, though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.

SELECTION 12. C. M.

From the xv. Psalm of David.

SIXTH OF THE CHURCH.

To JESUS, my Saviour Lord, That Name in heav'n and earth adored, Which we
honor and reverence, A cheerful song of sacred praise. A cheerful song of sacred

SELECTION 90. L. M.
From the cl. Psalm of David.

- 1 Praise ye the Lord! our God to praise
My soul her utmost power shall raise ;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.
- 5 His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Has all his servants' wants supplied ;
And he will ever keep in mind
His covenant with our fathers sign'd.
- 7 He set his saints from bondage free,
And then establish'd his decree,
For ever to remain the same :
Holy and reverend is his Name.

SELECTION 124. L. M.
From the cl. Psalm of David.

- 1 O praise the Lord in that blest place
From whence his goodness largely flows,
Praise him in heaven where he his ~~face~~,
Unveiled, in perfect glory shows.
- 2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf has done ;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal sun.
- 4 Let them who joyful hymns employ,
To cymbals set their songs of praise ;
To well-tuned cymbals, and to them
That loudly sound on solemn days.
- 5 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he doth to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ,
Let every creature praise the Lord !

HYMN 6. L. M.
Psalm 65.

- 1 The spacious firmament on high
With all the glories etherial !
And spangled heavens a-shining !
Their great Creator praisin !
- 3 The unrevealed sun from day to day
Does his threaten'd power display
And publish-his Almighty hand
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 5 Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon doth up her wat'ry head
And, mighty in her majesty !
Reveals the secret of her bosome.
- 7 Whilst all the earth that round her
And all the planets in their course,
Girdle the firmament as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 9 What though in solemn silence all
Mourning round this dark terrestrial !
What though no real voice nor son
Amidst their mournful orbs be found
- 6 In regions ear they all receive,
And inter-part a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they move,
The hand that made us is divine.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God who in earth and heaven
Beglor'd as it was of old
Is now, and shall be evermore.

MISSIONARY. L. M.

O Spirit of the living God! In all thy plen - i - tude of grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod, Descend on our a - pos - tate race!

SELECTION 41. L. M.

From the xlvii. Psalm of David.

- 1 O all ye people, clap your hands,
 And with triumphant voices sing :
 No force the mighty power withstands
 Of God, the universal King.
- 2 He shall assaulting foes repel,
 And with success our battles fight ;
 Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
 The pride of Jacob, his delight.
- 3 God is gone up, our Lord, and King,
 With shouts of joy and trumpet's sound ;
 To him repeated praises sing,
 And let the cheerful song rebound.
- 4 Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
 For him who all the world commands,
 Who sits upon his righteous throne,
 And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

SELECTION 47. L. M.

From the lviii. Psalm of David.

- 1 O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
 Its thankful tribute to present ;
 And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
 To thee, my God, in songs of praise.
- 2 Awake, my glory ; harp and lute,
 No longer let your strings be mute :
 And I, my tuneful part to take,
 Will with the early dawn awake.
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
 To all the listening nations round :
 Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
 And as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth display'd,
 'Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

HYMN 73. L. M.

- 1 Our Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay :
 "Lift up your heads ye heavenly gates !
 Ye everlasting doors, give way !"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the radiant scene ;
 He claims those mansions as his right ;
 Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 "Who is the King of glory, who ?"
 The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
 And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay,
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
 Ye everlasting doors, give way !"
- 6 "Who is the King of glory, who ?"
 The Lord, of boundless power possess'd,
 The King of saints and angels too,
 God over all, for ever bleas'd.

GERMANY. L. M.

As when the wea - ry traveler gains The height of some com - mand - ing hill,
 His heart re - vives, if o'er the plains He sees his home, tho' dis - tant still.

SELECTION 121. C. M.

From the cxvii. Psalm of David.

- 1 O praise the Lord with hymns of joy,
 And celebrate his fame;
 For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
 To praise his holy Name.
- 2 His holy city God will build,
 Though levell'd with the ground;
 Bring back his people, though dispersed,
 Through all the nations round.
- 3 He kindly heals the broken hearts,
 And all their wounds does close;
 He tells the number of the stars,
 Their several names he knows.
- 4 Great is the Lord, and great his power,
 His wisdom has no bound;
 The meek he raises, and throws down
 The wicked to the ground.
- 5 To God the Lord, a hymn of praise
 With grateful voices sing;
 To songs of triumph tune the harp,
 And strike each warbling string,

SELECTION 54. (PART I.) L. M.

From the lxxix. Psalm of David.

- 1 Save me, O God, from waves that roll
 And press to overwhelm my soul;
 With painful steps in mire I tread,
 And deluges o'erflow my head.
- 2 O Lord, to thee I will repair,
 For help, with humble, timely prayer;

Relieve me from thy mercy's store,
 Display thy truth's preserving power.

- 3 From threatening dangers me relieve,
 And from the mire my feet retrieve;
 From all my foes in safety keep,
 And snatch me from the raging deep.
- 4 Lord, hear the humble prayer I make,
 For thy transcending goodness' sake;
 Relieve thy suppliant once more
 From thy abounding mercy's store.

HYMN 135. L. M.

- 1 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,
 Behold them not with angry look,
 But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
 And form my soul averse to sin;
 Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart.
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
 Cast out, and banished from thy sight:
 Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
 And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
 Thy help and comfort still afford;
 And let a wretch come near thy throne
 To plead the merits of thy Son.

ERMAN. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is for 'ERMAN. L. M.' and the bottom staff is for 'Dr. L. MASON.'. The music is in common time (indicated by '2'). The vocal parts are in soprano range. The lyrics are as follows:

Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone : Let my re - li-gious hours a - lone :
 rom flesh and sense I would be free, And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

HYMN 163. L. M.

Psalm xvi. 9.

- 1 Saviour! when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee!
Thee, self-abased, in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.
- 2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.
- 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, thronged in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.
- 4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give,—
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

SELECTION 113. L. M.

From the cxxxix. Psalm of David.

- 1 Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceived by me.
- 2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words' intent.
- 3 Surrounded by thy power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand;

O skill for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

- 4 From thy all-seeing Spirit, Lord,
What hiding-place does earth afford?
O where can I thy influence shun,
Or whither from thy presence run?
- 12 Search, try, O, God, my thoughts and
If mischief lurk in any part; [heart,
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

SELECTION 14. (PART II.) L. M.

From the xviii. Psalm of David.

- 1 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways
To various paths of human kind;
They who for mercy merit praise,
With thee shall wondrous mercy find.
- 2 Thou to the just shalt justice show;
The pure thy purity shall see:
Such as perversely choose to go,
Shall meet with due return from thee.
- 3 That he the humble soul will save,
And crush the haughty's boasted might,
In me, the Lord an instance gave,
Whose darkness he has turn'd to light.
- 4 Who then deserves to be adored,
But God, on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend?

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

He's blest, whose sins have par-don gained, No more in judg-ment to ap-pear;
 Whose guilt remis-sion has ob-tained, And whose repen-tance is sin-cere.

He's blest, whose sins have par-don gained, No more in judg-ment to ap-pear;
 Whose guilt remis-sion has ob-tained, And whose repen-tance is sin-cere.

HYMN 33. L. M.

- 1 Another six days' work is done,
 Another Lord's day has begun;
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the hours thy God hath blest.
- 2 This day may our devotions rise,
 As grateful incense to the skies;
 And heaven, that sweet repose bestow,
 Which none but they who feel it know!
- 3 This peaceful calm within the breast
 Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,
 Which for the church of God remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties, let the day,
 In holy pleasures, pass away:
 How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

HYMN 205. L. M.

Isaiah xl. 6-8.

- 1 The morning flowers display their sweets,
 And gay their silken leaves unfold;
 As careless of the noonday heats,
 And fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast,
 Parch'd by the sun's more fervent ray,
 The momentary glories waste,
 The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
 When youth its pride of beauty shows,

Fairer than spring the colors shine,
 And sweeter than the opening rose.

- 4 But, worn by slowly rolling years,
 Or broke by sickness in a day,
 The fading glory disappears,
 The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
 With lustre brighter far shall shine;
 Revive with ever-during bloom,
 Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
 If heaven shall recompense our pains:
 Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
 If firm the word of God remains.

HYMN 118. L. M.

- 1 God of the seas! thine awful voice
 Bids all the rolling waves rejoice;
 And one soft word of thy command
 Can sink them silent on the sand.
- 2 The smallest fish that swims the seas,
 Sportful to thee a tribute pays;
 And largest monsters of the deep,
 At thy command, or rage or sleep.
- 3 Thus is thy glorious power adored,
 Among the watery nations, Lord!
 Yet men who trace the dangerous waves,
 Forget the mighty God who saves!

TALLIS. C. M. Chant.

O all ye na - tions, praise the Lord, Each with a different tongue;

TALLIS.

In ev - ery language learn his word, And let his name be sung.

SELECTION 100. C. M.

From the cxxiv. Psalm of David.

- 1 Had not the Lord, may Israel say,
On Israel's side engaged,
The foe had quickly swallow'd us,
So furiously he raged.
- 2 But, praised be our eternal Lord,
Who left us not his prey;
The snare is broke, his rage disarm'd
And we again are free.
- 3 Secure in God's almighty Name
Our confidence remains;
The God who made both heaven and earth
Of both sole monarch reigns.

HYMN 4. C. M.

Genesis I.

- 1 Let heaven arise, let earth appear,
Proclaim'd the eternal Lord!
The heaven arose, the earth appear'd
At his creating word.
- 2 The glorious firmament he spread,
To part the earth and sky;
And fix'd the upper elements
Within their spheres on high.
- 3 To all the varied living tribes
He gave their wondrous birth;
Some form'd within the watery deep,
Some, from the teeming earth.
- 4 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
Man, honor'd man, was made;

His soul with God's pure image stamp'd,
With innocence array'd.

HYMN 122. C. M.

- 1 When we are raised from deep distress,
Our God deserves our song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.
- 2 When he but speaks the healing word,
Then no disease withstands;
Fever and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly, as he commands.
- 3 To him I cried, " Thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust!"
- 4 He heard, and saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
Through my remaining years.

SELECTION 97. (PART x.) C. M.

- 5 To me thy saving grace restore,
That I again may live;
Whose soul can relish no delight
But what thy precepts give.
- 6 O let thy tender mercy now
Afford me needful aid;
According to thy promise, Lord,
To me thy servant made.

MEDFIELD. C. M.

HYMN 90. C. M.

- 1 Witness ye men and angels ; now
Before the Lord we speak ;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break ;
- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely ;
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.
- 4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways ;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

SELECTION 63. C. M.

From the lxxxiv. Psalm of David.

- 1 O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of thy face !
- 2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode ;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.
- 3 The birds, more happy far than I,
Around thy temple throng ;

Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young.

- 4 O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly bless'd are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display !

SELECTION 97. (PART XXI.) C. M.

From the cxix. Psalm of David.

- 1 To my request and earnest cry
Attend, O gracious Lord ;
Inspire my heart with heavenly skill,
According to thy word.
- 2 Let my repeated prayer at last
Before thy throne appear ;
According to thy plighted word,
For my relief draw near.
- 3 Then shall my grateful lips return
The tribute of their praise,
When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd
And taught me thy just ways.

HYMN 47. C. M.

Isaiah ix, 2-7.

- 1 The race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light ;
The people now behold the dawn,
Who dwelt in death and night.
- 4 To us the promised child is born ;
To us the Son is given ;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

COLCHESTER. C. M.

WILLIAMS.

Oh 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de-vout - ly say,
 Up, Is - rael to the tem - ple haste, And keep your fes - tal day!"

SELECTION 78. C. M.

From the xcix. Psalm of David.

- 1 Jehovah reigns ; let therefore all
The guilty nations quake ;
On cherubs' wings he sits enthroned ;
Let earth's foundations shake.
- 2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court,
His palace makes her towers ;
And thence his sovereignty extends
Supreme o'er earthly powers.
- 3 Let therefore all with praise address
His great and dreadful Name ;
And with his unresisted might
His holiness proclaim.
- 4 For truth and justice, in his reign,
Of strength and power take place ;
His judgments are with righteousness
Dispensed to Jacob's race.
- 5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
Before his footstool fall ;
And with his unresisted might
His holiness extol.
- 6 With worship at his sacred courts
Exalt our God and Lord ;
For he, who only holy is,
Alone should be adored.

HYMN 207. C. M.

Isaiah lvii. 15.

- 1 Thus speaks the High and Lofty One ;
My throne is fix'd on high ;
There, through eternity, I hear
The praises of the sky :
- 2 Yet, looking down, I visit oft
The humble, hallow'd cell ;
And, with the penitent who mourn,
'Tis my delight to dwell.
- 3 My presence heals the wounded heart,
The sad in spirit cheers ;
My presence, from the bed of dust,
The contrite sinner rears.
- 4 I dwell with all my humble saints
While they on earth remain ;
And they, exalted, dwell with me,
With me for ever reign.

SELECTION 117. (PART II.) C. M.
From the cxiv. Psalm of David.

- 1 The Lord does them support that fall,
And makes the prostrate rise ;
For his kind aid all creatures call,
Who timely food supplies.
- 3 How holy is the Lord, how just,
How righteous all his ways !
How nigh to him, who with firm trust
For his assistance prays !

ECKARDTSEIM. C. M.

Father, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will de-nies,
Ac-cept-ed at thy throne, let this, My humble prayer, a-rise.

HYMN 65. C. M.

1 From whence these direful omens round,
Which heaven and earth amaze ?

Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the
Why hides the sun his rays ? [ground ?

2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake,
And nature sympathize ;

The sun as darkest night be black :
Their Maker, Jesus, dies !

3 Behold, fast-streaming from the tree,
His all-atoning blood !

Is this the Infinite ? 'tis He,
My Saviour and my God !

4 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me this death is borne ;

My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

5 Let sin no more my soul enslave,
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain ;

O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

SELECTION 71. (PART II.) C. M.

From the xxii. Psalm of David.

1 Like water is my life pour'd out,
My joints are out of frame ;

My heart dissolves within my breast,
Like wax before the flame.

2 My strength is like a potsherd dried,
My tongue is parch'd with drought ;

And to the dismal shades of death
My fainting soul is brought.

4 My body's rack'd, till all my bones
Distinctly may be told ;

Yet such a spectacle of woe
As pastime they behold.

5 As spoil, my garments they divide,
Lots for my vesture cast :

Therefore, O leave me not, my God,
But to my succour haste.

SELECTION 97. (PART XX.) C. M.

From the cxix. Psalm of David.

1 Consider my affliction, Lord,
And me from bondage draw ;

Think on thy servant in distress,
Who ne'er forgets thy law.

2 Defend my cause, and me to save
Thy timely aid afford ;

With beams of mercy quicken me,
According to thy word.

4 Since great thy tender mercies are
To all who thee adore ;

According to thy judgments, Lord,
My fainting hopes restore.

AVON. C. M. Double.

SCOTTISH MELODY.

1. O thou, to whom all crea-tures bow With-in this earth-ly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou! How glo-ri-ous is thy name!

HYMN 19. C. M.

Titus, iii. 4-7.

- 1 My grateful soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his Name,
Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths
Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 2 Vain and presumptuous is the trust
Which in our works we place;
Salvation from a higher source
Flows to our fall'n race.
- 3 'Tis from the love of God through Christ,
That all our hopes begin;
His mercy saved our souls from death,
And wash'd us from our sin.
- 4 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
His sacred fire imparts,
Removes our dross, and love divine
Enkindles in our hearts.
- 5 Thus raised from death, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
And see our Father's face.

HYMN 71. C. M.

1 Cor. xv. 20, 21, 22. Col. iii. 1.

- 1 Christ from the dead is raised, and made
The First Fruits of the tomb;
For, as by man came death, by man
Did resurrection come.
- 2 For as in Adam all mankind
Did guilt and death derive:
So, by the righteousness of Christ
Shall all be made alive.

3 If then ye risen are with Christ,
Seek only how to get
The things which are above, where Christ
At God's right hand is set.

HYMN 97. (PART VII.) C. M.
From the cxix. Psalm of David.

- 1 According to thy promised grace,
Thy favour, Lord, extend;
Make good to me the word on which
Thy servant's hopes depend.
- 2 That only comfort in distress,
Did all my griefs control;
Thy word, when troubles hemm'd me
Revived my fainting soul. [round,
- 4 Thy name, that cheer'd my heart by day,
Has fill'd my thoughts by night:
I then resolved by thy just laws
To guide my steps aright.

SELECTION 97. (PART IX.) C. M.
From the cxix. Psalm of David.

- 1 With me, thy servant, thou hast dealt
Most graciously, O Lord;
Repeated benefits bestow'd,
According to thy word.
- 5 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chastening rod,
That I may duly learn and keep
The statutes of my God.
- 6 The law that from thy mouth proceeds
Of more esteem I hold
Than richest mines, than thousand mines
Of silver and of gold.

WOODLAND. C. M.

NATIONAL CHURCH HARMONY.

1. O praise the Lord, for he is good, His mercies ne'er decay; That his kind favors
 ev - er last, That his kind fa - vors ev - er last, Let thankful Israel say.

HYMN 8. C. M.

1 Great first of beings! mighty Lord
 Of all this wondrous frame!
 Produced by thy creating word,
 The world from nothing came.

2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,
 'Twas instantly obey'd :
 And through thy goodness all things stand,
 Which by thy power were made.

3 Lord ! for thy glory shine the whole ;
 They all reflect thy light :
 For this—in course the planets roll,
 And day succeeds the night.

4 For this—the sun dispenses heat
 And beams of cheering day ;
 And distant stars in order set,
 By night thy power display.

5 For this—the earth its produce yields,
 For this—the waters flow ;
 And blooming plants adorn the fields,
 And trees aspiring grow.

6 Inspired with praise, our minds pursue
 This wise and noble end—
 That all we think, and all we do,
 Shall to thine honour tend.

HYMN 212. C. M.

Hebrews, xii. 1, 2.

1 Lo! what a cloud of witnesses
 Encompass us around ;
 Men once like us with suffering tried,
 But now with glory crown'd:

2 Let us with zeal like theirs inspired,
 Strive in the Christian race ;
 And, freed from every weight of sin,
 Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a witness nobler still,
 Who trod affliction's path,
 Jesus, the author, finisher,
 Rewarder of our faith :

4 He, for the joy before him set,
 And moved by pitying love,
 Endured the cross, despised the shame,
 And now he reigns above.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
 Press we, to God's right hand :
 There, with the Saviour and his saints,
 Triumphant to stand.

SELECTION 17. (PART III.) C. M.

From the xxii. Psalm of David.

1 Lord, to my brethren I'll declare
 The triumphs of thy name :
 In presence of assembled saints
 Thy glory thus proclaim !

2 "Ye worshippers of Jacob's God,
 All you of Israel's line,
 O praise the Lord and to your praise
 Sincere obedience join.

6 Then shall the glad converted world
 To God their homage pay ;
 And scatter'd nations of the earth
 One sovereign Lord obey.

AZMON. C. M.

1. Come Ho - ly Spir - it, Heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

HYMN 91. C. M.

- 1 Youth, when devoted to the Lord,
 Is pleasing in his eyes;
 A flower, though offer'd in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.
- 2 'Tis easier far if we begin
 To fear the Lord betimes;
 For sinners who grow old in sin
 Are harden'd by their crimes.
- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares
 To mind religion young;
 Grace will preserve our following years,
 And make our virtue strong.
- 4 To thee, almighty God, to thee,
 Our hearts we now resign;
 'Twill please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were thine.

HYMN 174. C. M.

- 1 Let worldly minds the world pursue,
 It has no charms for me;
 Once I admired its follies too,
 But grace has set me free.
- 2 Those follies now no longer please,
 No more delight afford;
 Far from my heart be joys like these
 Now I have known the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day
 The stars are all conceal'd,
 So earthly pleasures fade away
 When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
 I bid them all depart;
 His name, and love, and gracious voice
 Shall fix my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
 And wholly live to thee;
 Yet worthless still, myself I own,
 Thy worth is all my plea.

SELECTION 108. C. M.

From the cxxxiv. Psalm of David.

- 1 Bless God, ye servants, that attend
 Upon his solemn state,
 That in his temple's hallow'd courts
 With humble reverence wait.
- 2 Within this house lift up your hands,
 And bless his holy Name:
 From Sion bless thy Israel, Lord,
 Who earth and heaven didst frame.

SELECTION 45. C. M.

From the iv. Psalm of David.

- 1 Give ear, thou Judge of all the earth,
 And listen when I pray;
 Nor from thy humble suppliant turn
 Thy glorious face away.
- 3 And thus I breathe my heavy sigh
 To him who hears above;
 "O that my soul on wings could fly,
 And emulate the dove !
- 5 "I'd wing my everlasting flight,
 Bidding the world farewell,
 From sin and strife, to realms of light
 Where peace and quiet dwell."

WARWICK. C. M.

Ye hum - ble souls, ap - proach your God With songs of sa - cred praise;

For he is good, su - preme-ly good, And kind are all his ways.

HYMN 204. C. M.

Prov. iii, 13-17.

- 1 O happy is the man who hears Religion's warning voice, And who celestial wisdom makes His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far Than east or west unfold; More precious are her bright rewards, Than gems or stores of gold.
- 3 Her right hand offers to the just Immortal, happy days: Her left, imperishable wealth And heavenly crowns displays.
- 4 And, as her holy labors rise, So her rewards increase; Her ways are ways of pleasantness, And all her paths are peace.

SELECTION 107. C. M.

From the cxixiiii. Psalm, of David.

- 1 How vast must their advantage be, How great their pleasures prove, Who live like brethren, and consent In offices of love!
- 2 True love is like the precious oil, Which, pour'd on Aaron's head, Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes Its costly fragrance shed.
- 3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does On Hermon's top distill;

Or like the early drops, that fall On Sion's favour'd hill.

- 4 For Sion is the chosen seat Where the almighty King The promised blessing has ordain'd, And life's eternal spring.

HYMN 106. C. M.

Isaiah xxxv. 2.

- 1 On Zion, and on Lebanon, On Carmel's blooming height, On Sharon's fertile plains, once shone The glory, pure and bright:
- 2 From thence its mild and cheering ray Stream'd forth from land to land; And empires now behold its day, And still its beams expand.
- 3 Its brightest splendors, darting west, Our happy shores illum'e; Our farther regions, once unblest, Now like a garden bloom :
- 4 But ah! our deserts deep and wild See not this heavenly light; No sacred beams, no radiance mild, Dispel their dreary night.
- 5 Thou, who didst lighten Zion's hill, On Carmel who didst shine, Our deserts let thy glory fill, Thy excellence divine!

CORINTH. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. How oft, a - las! this wretched heart Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my ro - ving tho'ts de - part, For - get - ful of his word.

HYMN 184. C. M.

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
The watch-word at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"
- 6 In prayer, on earth, the saints are one;
They're one in word and mind;
When with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

SELECTION 25. C. M.

From the xxx. Psalm of David.

- 1 In my distress to God I cried,
Who kindly did relieve,
And from the grave's expecting mouth,
My hopeless life retrieve.
- 2 O to his courts, ye saints of his,
With songs of praise repair;
With me commemorate his truth,
And providential care.
- 3 His wrath has but a moment's reign,
His favour no decay:
The night of grief is recompensed
With joy's returning day.
- 4 Therefore, O Lord, I'll gladly sing
Thy praise in grateful verse;
And, as thy favours endless are,
Thy endless praise rehearse.

SELECTION 9. C. M.

From the ix. Psalm of David.

- 1 The Lord a holy temple hath,
And righteous throne, above;
Whence he surveys the sons of men,
And how their counsels move.
- 4 The righteous Lord will righteous deeds
With signal favour grace,
And to the upright man disclose
The brightness of his face.
- To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

NEWBOLD. C. M.

KINGSLEY.

A-wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vi - gor on; A heaven-ly

race demands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.

SELECTION 77. C. M.

From the xxviii. Psalm of David.

- Sing to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous things has done;
With his right hand and holy arm,
The conquest he has won.
- The Lord has through th' astonish'd world
Display'd his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathen's sight.
- Of Israel's house his love and truth
Have ever mindful been;
Wide earth's remotest parts the power
Of Israel's God have seen.
- Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise,
And all with universal joy
Resound their Maker's praise.
- Let floods and torrents clap their hands,
With joy their homage pay;
Let echoing vales, from hill to hill,
Redoubled shouts convey:
- To welcome down the world's great Judge,
Who does with justice come,
And with impartial equity,
Both to reward and doom.

HYMN 17. C. M.

- To our Redeemer's glorious Name
Awake the sacred song:
O may his love (immortal flame)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach;
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming Name,
And join the sacred song.

SELECTION 21. C. M.

From the xxvi. Psalm of David.

- Judge me, O Lord, for I the paths
Of righteousness have trod;
I shall not fail, who all my trust
Repose on thee, my God.
- I'll wash my hands in innocence,
And round thine altar go;
Pour the glad hymn of triumph thence,
And thence thy wonders show.
- My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
How thy renown excels;
That seat affords me most delight,
In which thine honour dwells.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

SELECTION 15. (PART I) C. M.

From the xix. Psalm of David.

- 1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.
- 2 The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.
- 3 Their powerful language to no realm
Or region is confined;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.
- 4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Through earth's extant display;
Its bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.
- 5 From east to west, from west to east,
His ceaseless course he goes;
And, through his progress, cheerful light,
And vital warmth bestows.

HYMN 68. C. M.

1 Cor. v. 8.—Rom. vi. 9, 10, 11.

- 1 Since Christ our Passover is slain,
A sacrifice for all,
Let all, with thankful hearts, agree
To keep the festival:

2 Not with the leaven. as of old,

Of sin and malice fed ;
But with unfeign'd sincerity,
And truth's unleaven'd bread.3 Christ being raised by power divine,
And rescued from the grave,
Shall die no more ; death shall on him
No more dominion have.4 For that he died, 'twas for our sins
He once vouchsafed to die ;
But that he lives, he lives to God
For all eternity.5 So count yourselves as dead to sin,
But graciously restored,
And made, henceforth, alive to God
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

SELECTION 29. (PART II.) C. M.

From the xxxiv. Psalm of David.

- 1 Approach, ye children of the Lord,
And my instruction hear ;
I'll teach you the true discipline
Of his religious fear.
2. Let him who length of life desires,
And prosperous days would see,
From slandering language keep his tongue,
His lips from falsehood free :
- 9 For God preserves the souls of those
Who on his truth depend ;
To them, and their posterity,
His blessings shall descend.

BURLINGTON. C. M.

BURROWES.

HYMN 1. C. M.

- 1 Great God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look ;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given ;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may soar in heaven.
- 3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord ;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies ;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.
- 5 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been ;
And from thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.
- 6 Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell ;
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heavenly wonders tell.
- 7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

SELECTION 80. (PART II.) C M.

From the cti Psalm of David.

- 1 God shall arise, and Sion view
With an unclouded face :
For now her time is come, his own
Appointed day of grace.
- 2 The Name and glory of the Lord
All heathen kings shall fear,
When he shall Sion build again,
And in full state appear.
- 3 For God, from his abode on high,
His gracious beams display'd ;
The Lord from heaven, his lofty throne,
Hath all the earth survey'd.

HYMN 116. C. M.

- 1 Rich are the joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store ;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.
- 2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.
- 3 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay ;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace repay.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

W. TANQUER. 1735.

O thou, to whom all creatures bow Within this earth-ly frame,
 Through all the world, how great art thou! How glo - rious is thy name!

SELECTION 19. C. M.

From the xxiv. Psalm of David.

7 Erect your heads, eternal gates, Unfold, to entertain
 The King of glory: see! he comes With his celestial train.

8 Who is the King of glory? who? The Lord, for strength renown'd;
 In battle mighty; o'er his foes Eternal victor crown'd.

9 Erect your heads, ye gates; unfold In state to entertain
 The King of glory: see! he comes With all his shining train.

10 Who is the King of glory? who? The Lord of hosts renown'd;
 Of glory he alone is King, Who is with glory crown'd.

SELECTION 56. C. M.

From the lxxii. Psalm of David.

1 Lo! hills and mountains shall bring forth The happy fruits of peace;
 2 Which all the land shall own to be The work of righteousness:

2 While David's Son, the needy race Shall rule with gentle sway;
 And from their humble neck shall take Oppressive yokes away.

9 To him shall every king on earth
 His humble homage pay;
 And differing nations gladly join
 To own his righteous sway.

10 For he shall set the needy free,
 When they for succour cry;
 Shall save the helpless and the poor,
 And all their wants supply.

12 The memory of his glorious Name
 Through endless years shall run;
 His spotless fame shall shine as bright
 And lasting as the sun.

14 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,
 The God whom Israel fears;
 Who only wondrous in his works,
 Beyond compare, appears.

SELECTION 101. C. M.

From the cxxv. Psalm of David.

1 Who place on Sion's God their trust,
 Like Sion's rock shall stand;
 Like her immovably be fix'd
 By his almighty hand.

2 Look how the hills on every side
 Jerusalem enclose;
 So stands the Lord around his saints,
 To guard them from their foes.

TALLIS. C. M. Chant.

TALLIS.

O all ye na - tions, praise the Lord, Each with a different tongue;

In ev - ery language learn his word, And let his name be sung.

SELECTION 2. C. M.

From the ii. Psalm of David.

- 1 Thus God declares his sovereign will:
"The King that I ordain,
Whose throne is fix'd on Sion's hill,
Shall there securely reign."
- 2 Attend, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontroll'd decree;
Thou art my Son; this day, my heir,
Have I begotten thee.
- 3 "Ask, and receive thy full demands;
Thine shall the heathen be;
The utmost limits of the lands
Shall be possess'd by thee."
- 4 Learn then, ye princes; and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth;
Worship the Lord with holy fear;
Rejoice with awful mirth.

SELECTION 97. (PART XV.) C. M.

From the cxix. Psalm of David.

- 1 Deceitful thoughts and practices
I utterly detest;
But to thy law affection bear
Too great to be express'd.
- 2 My hiding place, my refuge-tower,
And shield art thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

3 Away from me, ye wicked men,
Approach not my abode;
For firmly I resolve to keep
The precepts of my God.

4 According to thy gracious word,
From danger set me free;
Nor make me of those hopes ashamed,
That I repose on thee.

SELECTION 97. (PART X.) C. M.

From the cxix. Psalm of David.

- 1 To me, who am the workmanship
Of thy Almighty hands,
The heavenly understanding give
To learn thy just commands.
- 2 My preservation to thy saints
Strong comfort will afford,
To see success attend my hopes,
Who trusted in thy word.
- 3 That right thy judgments are, I now
By sure experience see;
And that in faithfulness, O Lord,
Thou hast afflicted me.
- 4 O let thy tender mercy now
Afford me needful aid;
According to thy promise, Lord,
To me thy servant made.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

NASHVILLE. II. 2. Or L. P. M.

From "GREGGOMAN CHANT," by DR. MASON.

Ye saints and ser-vants of the Lord, The triumphs of his name re-cord;

His as - cred name for ev - er bless: Where'er the cir - cling sun dis-plays

His ris - ing beams or set - ting rays, Due praise to his great name ad-dress.

SELECTION 49. II. 2.

From the lxiii. Psalm of David.

1 O God, my gracious God, to thee
My morning prayers shall offer'd be,
For thee my thirsty soul does pant;
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
As in a dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

2 O ! to my longing eyes once more,
That view of glorious power restore,
Which thy majestic house displays:
Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.

3 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ,
With lifted hands adore his name:
As with its choicest food supplied,
My soul shall be full satisfied
While I with joy his praise proclaim.

4 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind;

And when I wake in dead of night,
Because thou still dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing,
I rest with safety and delight.

SELECTION 70. (PART I.) II. 2.

From the xci. Psalm of David.

1 He that has God his guardian made,
Shall under the Almighty's shade
Secure and undisturb'd abide;
Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
My God, in whom I will confide.

2 His tender love and watchful care
Shall free me from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence;
He over thee his wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
His truth shall be thy strong defence.

3 No terrors that surprise by night
 Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
 Nor deadly shafts that fly by day,
 Nor plague, of unknown rise, that kills
 In darkness, nor infectious ills
 That in the burning noon tide slay.

4 Because, with well-placed confidence,
 Thou makest the Lord thy sure defence,
 Thy refuge even God most High,
 Therefore no ill on thee shall come,
 Nor to thy heaven-protected home
 Shall overwhelming plagues draw nigh.

SELECTION 43. (PART II.) II. 2.

From the 1. Psalm of David.

1 Attend my people ; Israel, hear,
 Thy strong accuser I'll appear ;

Thy God, thine only God, am I ;
 'Tis not of offerings I complain,
 Which, daily in my temple slain,
 My sacred altar did supply.

2 The sacrifices I require
 Are hearts which love and zeal inspire,
 And vows which strictest care made good;
 In time of trouble call on me,
 And I will set thee safe and free,
 And thou shalt praise thy gracious God.

3 Consider this, ye thoughtless men !
 My vengeance shall not fall in vain,
 And none will dare your cause to own :
 Who praises me due honour gives,
 And to the man that justly lives
 My strong salvation shall be shown.

CHORUS. 11s & 8s. Or IV. 3.

Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth! O, serve him with gladness and fear;
 Exult in his presence with music and mirth, With love and devotion draw near.

HYMN 158. IV. 3.

2 For Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
 Creator and ruler o'er all ;
 And we are his people, his sceptre we own ;
 His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and
 song,
 Your vows in his temple proclaim ;
 His praise with melodious accordance pro-
 long,
 And bless his adorable Name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
 And we are the work of his hand ;
 His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
 And shall to eternity stand.

All praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,
 All praise to the Spirit, thrice bless'd,
 The holy, eternal, supreme Three in One,
 Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O
 may we all remember well The night of death draws near.

HYMN 171. S. M.

Evening.

2 We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest;
 So death shall soon disrobe us all
 Of what is here possest.

8 Lord, keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears;
 May angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.

HYMN 24. S. M.

1 Like Noah's weary dove,
 That soar'd the earth around,
 But not a resting-place above
 The cheerless waters found;

2 O cease, my wandering soul,
 On restless wing to roam;
 All the wide world, to either pole,
 Has not for thee a home.

8 Behold the Ark of God,
 Behold the open door;
 Hasten to gain that dear abode,
 And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
 There, sweet shall be thy rest,
 And every longing satisfied,
 With full salvation blest.

5 And, when the waves of ire
 Again the earth shall fill,
 The Ark shall ride the sea of fire;
 Then rest on Sion's hill.

SELECTION 104. S. M.

From the cxxx. Psalm of David.

1 From lowest depths of woe
 To God I sent my cry;
 Lord, hear my supplianting voice,
 And graciously reply.

2 Shouldst thou severely judge,
 Who can their trial bear?
 But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
 And quite renounce thy fear.

3 My soul with patience waits
 For thee, the living Lord;
 My hopes are on thy promise built,
 Thy never-failing word.

4 My longing eyes look out
 For thy enlivening ray,
 More duly than the morning watch
 To spy the dawning day.

5 Let Israel trust in God,
 No bounds his mercy knows;
 The plenteous source and spring from
 Eternal succour flows: [whence

6 Whose friendly streams to us
 Supplies in want convey;
 A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
 And wash our guilt away.

To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, glory be,
 As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
 To all eternity.

SHEPHERD. II. 4. Or H. M.

1. We give immortal praise, To God the Father's love, For all our comforts here, For
all our comforts here, and all our hopes above ; He sent his own Eternal Son, To die for sins That man had done.

HYMN 110. II. 4.

Children and Congregation.
Children.

1 Come let our voices join,
In one glad song of praise ;
To God, the God of love,
Our grateful hearts we raise :
Congregation.
To God alone your praise belongs ;
His love demands your earliest songs.

Children.

2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine ;
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine :
Congregation.
To God alone the praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.

Children.

3 Within these hallow'd walls
Our wandering feet are brought ;
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught :
Congregation.
To God alone your offerings bring ;
Here in his church his praises sing.

Children.

4 For blessings such as these,
Our gratitude receive ;
Lord, here accept our hearts,
'Tis all that we can give :

Congregation.

Great God, accept their infant songs :
To thee alone their praise belongs.

Both.

5 Lord, bid this work of love
Be crown'd with meet success ;
May thousands yet unborn,
This institution bless :
Thus shall the praise resound to thee,
Now and through all eternity.

SELECTION 110. II. 4.

From the cxxxvi. Psalm of David.

1 To God the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat ;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great :

For God does prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

2 To him, whose wondrous power
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
Your grateful homage pay :
For God, &c.

3 By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought ;
The heavens by his command
Were to perfection brought :
For God, &c.

JUDGMENT HYMN. II. 7.

M. LUTHER.

Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things are -
 The Judge of man I see ap - pear, On clouds of glo - ry

at - ed: } seat - ed: } The trum - pet sounds, the graves re - store The dead which

they con - tained be - fore; Pre - pare, my soul, to meet him.

HYMN 194: II. 7.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding:
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
 Behold his wrath prevailing;
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing.
 The day of - - - - - is past and gone;
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
 The end of things created:
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated:
 Beneath his cross I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet him.

To Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,
 Supreme o'er earth and heaven.
 Eternal Three in One confess'd,
 Be highest glory given,
 As was through ages heretofore,
 Is now, and shall be evermore,
 By all in earth and heaven.

AMERICA. 8a, 6a & 4a.
Largo Maestoso.

Adapted. *

The God of A - bra'm praise, Who reigns en-throned a - bove; gen-cient of

ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love; Je - ho - vah, great I AM,

By earth and heaven confessed; I bow, and bless the sacred name For - ev - er blest.

HYMN 152. III. 1.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on angel wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

4 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace;

On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom he maintains,
And, glorious with his saints in light
For ever reigns.

5 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King,
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
We worship thee."

6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry:
Hail Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays:
All might and beauty are thine,
And endless be.

NEWBOLD. C. M.

KINGSLEY.

A-wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vi - gor on; A heavenly
race demands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.

A-wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vi - gor on; A heavenly
race demands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.

HYMN 16. C. M.

- 1 **Salvation!** O the joyful sound,
Glad tidings to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 **Salvation!** buried once in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But now we rise by grace divine,
And see a heavenly day.
- 3 **Salvation!** let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 **Salvation!** O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs:
Our hearts shall kindle at thy Name,
Thy Name inspire our songs.

SELECTION 109. C. M.

From the cxxxv. Psalm of David.

- 1 **O** praise the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his Name:
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.
- 2 **Praise** him, all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care;
With those that to his outmost courts
With humble zeal repair.
- 3 **For** God his own peculiar choice
The sons of Jacob makes;

And Israel's offspring for his own
Most valued treasure takes.

- 8 Let all with thanks his wondrous works
In Sion's courts proclaim;
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,
Exalt his holy Name.

HYMN 106. C. M.

Isaiah xxxv. 2.

- 1 On Sion, and on Lebanon,
On Carmel's blooming height,
On Sharon's fertile plains, once shone
The glory, pure and bright:
- 2 From thence its mild and cheering ray
Stream'd forth from land to land;
And empires now behold its day;
And still its beams expand.
- 3 Its brightest splendours, darting west,
Our happy shores illumine;
Our farther regions, once unblest,
Now like a garden bloom:
- 4 But ah, our deserts deep and wild
See not this heavenly light;
No sacred beams, no radiance mild,
Dispel their dreary night.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

ORPHEUS. III. 5. 8a, 7a & 4a. Or 8a & 7a. Double.

Arr. from Gluck by W. L.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us
Oh, re-
each, thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri- umph in re - deem - ing grace:
- fresh us, Oh, re-fresh us, Travelling thro' this wil - der - ness.

HYMN 40. III. 5.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

HYMN 117. III. 3.

1 Lord of life, all praise excelling,
Thou, in glory unconfin'd,
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling
With the poor of humble mind.

2 As thy love, through all creation,
Beams like thy diffusive light;
So the high and humble station
Both are equal in thy sight.

3 Thus thy care, for all providing,
Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue;
Who, the lot of all deciding,
To thy chosen Israel sung:

4 When thy harvest yields thee pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind;
To the poor belongs the treasure
Of the scatter'd ears behind:

Chorus. These thy God ordains to bless,
The widow and the fatherless.

5 When thine olive-plants increasing
Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,
Grateful, thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the bough again:

Chorus. These, &c.

6 When thy favor'd vintage flowing,
Gladdens thine autumnal scene,
Own the bounteons hand bestowing,
But thy vines the poor shall glean.

Chorus. These, &c.

7 Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree;
Mercy, every sorrow sharing,
Warms the heart resembling thee.

8 Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow owns thy care;
Screen'd by thee in every danger,
Heard by thee in every prayer.

Hallelujah, Amen.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

NASHVILLE. II. 2. Or L. P. M.

From "GREGORIAN CHANTS," by Dr. MASON.

Ye saints and serv-ants of the Lord, The triumphs of his name re-cord;
 His sa - cred name for ev - er bless: Wher-e'er the cir - cling sun dis-plays
 His ris-ing beams or set - ting rays, Due praise to his great name ad-dress.

SELECTION 92. II. 2.

From the cxiii. Psalm of David.

1 Ye saints and servants of the Lord,
 The triumph's of his Name record;
 His sacred Name for ever bless:
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams or setting rays,
 Due praise to his great Name address.

2 God through the world extends his sway;
 The regions of eternal day
 But shadows of his glory are:
 With him whose majesty excels,
 Who made the heaven in which he dwells,
 Let no created power compare.

3 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
 In highest heaven what angels do,
 Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care;
 He takes the needy from his cell,
 Advancing him in courts to dwell,
 Companion of the greatest there.

SELECTION 89. II. 2.

From the cx. Psalm of David.

1 The Lord unto my Lord thus spake:
 "Till I thy foes thy footstool make,
 Sit thou in state at my right hand;
 Supreme in Sion thou shalt be,
 And all thy proud opposers see
 Subjected to thy just command."

3 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
 That, like Melchisedec's, thy reign
 And priesthood shall no period see:
 Anointed Prince! thou, bending low,
 Shall drink where darkest torrents flow,
 Then raise thy head in victory!

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
 And suffering saints on earth adore;
 Be glory as in ages past,
 And now it is, and so shall last
 When time itself shall be no more,

BEETHOVEN. IV. 2. Or 8a.

Slow and Subdued.

Arranged.

HYMN 173. IV. 2.

Evening.

- 2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 3 A sovereign protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.
- 4 His smiles and his comfort abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

All praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd,
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

(See tune on opposite page)

SELECTION 31. (PART I.) II. 2.

From the xxxvii. Psalm of David.

- 1 Though wicked men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their successful state
Thy anger or thy envy raise;
For they, cut down like tender grass,
Or like young flowers away shall pass,
Whose blooming beauty soon decays.
- 2 Depend on God, and him obey;
So thou within the land shalt stay,
Secure from danger and from want:

Make his commands thy chief delight;
And he, thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.

PART II. II. 2.

- 1 The good man's way is God's delight:
He orders all the steps aright
Of him that moves by his command;
Though he sometimes may be distress'd,
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,
For God upholds him with his hand.
- 2 With caution shun each wicked deed,
In virtue's ways with zeal proceed,
And so prolong your happy days:
For God, who judgment loves, does still
Preserve his saints secure from ill,
While soon the wicked race decays.

PART III. II. 2.

- 1 The wicked I in power have seen,
And like a bay-tree fresh and green,
That spreads its pleasant branches round:
But he was gone as swift as thought;
And, though in every place I sought,
No sign or track of him I found.
- 2 Observe the perfect man with care,
And mark all such as upright are;
Their roughest days in peace shall end
While on the latter end of those
Who dare God's sacred will oppose,
A common ruin shall attend.

DEVOTION. II. 8. Or L. M. 6 lines.

Arranged.

When gath'ring clouds a-round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain, Experienced every human pain;
He feels my griefs, he sees my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.

HYMN 130. II. 8.

- 1 Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the note of wo ;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow :
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain and heal thy wound.
- 2 Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load ;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God :
Thy God's thy Saviour ! glorious word !
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord !

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

HYMN 191.

- 1 Vital spark of heavenly flame !
Quit, O quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark ! they whisper ! angels say,
Sister spirit, come away
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring !
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly,
O grave, where is thy victory !
O death, where is thy sting !

[In singing the above hymn to Devotion, it is necessary to omit the eighth note, at the beginning of the 1st, 2d, and 3rd lines of each verse.]

SPRING. L. M.

HAYDN.

E-ter-nal Source of ev-ery joy! Well may thy praise our
 lips em-ploy, While in thy tem-ple we ap-pear, To
 hail the sovereign of the year, To hail the sovereign of the year.

HYMN 8. L. M.

- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole :
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring at thy command
 Perfumes the air, and paints the land ;
 The summer rays with vigour shine,
 To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
 Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
 And winters, soften'd by thy care,
 No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise ;
 And be the grateful homage paid,
 With morning light, and evening shade.
- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
 And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,

Till to those lofty heights we soar,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 118 L. M.

- 1 Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
 A whole assembly worship thee :
 At once they sing, at once they pray ;
 They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go,
 'Tis like a little heaven below ;
 Not all that earth and sin can say,
 Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
 The text and doctrine of thy word ;
 That I may break thy laws no more,
 But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
 Fill up this sinful heart of mine ;
 That hoping pardon through his blood,
 I may lie down and wake with God.

RAPTURE. III. 1.

HAYDN.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day, Sons of men and an-gels say:

Raise your songs and tri-umphs high, Sing, ye heavens, and earth re-ply:

Love's re-deem-ing work is done, Fought the fight, the vic-tory won;

Je-sus' ag-o-ny is o'er; Dark-ness veils the earth no more.

HYMN 69. III. 1.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

HYMN 45. III. 1.

1 Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

4 Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see :
Hail th' incarnate Deity,

Pleased, as man, with man to dwell ;
Jesus, now Emanuel.

5 Risen with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all he brings ;
Hail the Son of righteousness !
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace !

LONGWORTH.

Shout the glad tidings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing; Je - ru - sa - lem

triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King! Si - on, the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be

tell - ing. The Son of the High - est, how love - ly his birth! The cel - ling, He stoops to re - deem thee, he reigns up - on earth. *D.C.*

HYMN 46.

2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are crown'd.

Chorus.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,

And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;

Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing ;
One chorus resound thro' the earth and the skies :

Chorus.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing :
Jesus-alem triumphs, Messiah is King !

HOME. 11a. Or IV. 4.

I would not live al-way; I ask not to stay
 Where storm af-ter storm ris-es dark o'er the way; The few lu-cid
 mornings that dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

HYMN 187 IV. 4.

2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin,
 Temptation without, and corruption within:
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
 fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with peni-
 tent tears.

3 I would not alway; no, welcome the tomb,
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not
 its gloom;
 There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me
 arise
 To hail him in triumph descending the
 skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from
 his God;
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful
 abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
 bright plains,
 And the noon tide of glory eternally reigns;

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
 meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren, transported
 to greet;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
 roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of
 the soul?

HYMN 144. IV. 4.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the
 Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word:

What more can he say than to you he hath
 said,
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled:

2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-
 may'd,
 I, I am thy God, and will still give thee
 aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
 thee to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent
 hand,

3 When through the deep waters I call thee
 to go,
 The rivers of woe shall not thee o'erflow;
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to
 bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway
 shall lie,
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy sup-
 ply;
 The flame shall not hurt thee, I only de-
 sign
 Thy dress to consume, and thy gold to re-
 fine.

5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for re-
 pose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell shall endeavor
 to shake,
 I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

WARD. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

Great God, to thee my evening song With humble grat-i-tude I raise;
O, let thy mer-ry tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise.

HYMN 169. L. M.

4 O let thy tyble honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes.

5 Drawn by thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come;
And gather from their Father's board,
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

6 Nor let thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

HYMN 169. L. M.

- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ, my Lord; his Name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 With hope in him mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy Name.

HYMN 94. L. M.

- 1 My God, and is thy table spread,
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them thy sweet mercies know.
- 2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood:
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.
- 3 Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O let thy tyble honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes.

- 5 Drawn by thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come;
And gather from their Father's board,
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.
- 6 Nor let thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

SELECTION 67. L. M.

From the lxxviii. Psalm of David.

- 1 God of my life, O Lord most high,
To thee by day and night I cry;
Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear,
To my distress incline thine ear.
- 2 Like those whose strength and hopes are
They number me among the dead; [fled,
Like those who, shrouded in the grave,
From thee no more remembrance have.
- 3 Wilt thou by miracle revive
The dead, whom thou forsook'st alive?
Shall the mute grave thy love confess,
A moldering tomb thy faithfulness?
- 4 To thee, O Lord, I cry forlorn,
My prayer prevents the early morn:
Why hast thou, Lord, my soul forsook,
Nor once vouchsafed a gracious look?

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arranged from Gregorian Tone I, by Dr. L. MASON.

My God, permit me not to be A stranger to my-self and thee:
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove, For-get-ful of my high-est love.

HYMN 136 L. M.

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done thee such despite ;
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
 And long in vain thy grace received ;
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved ;

3 Yet, oh, the mourning sinner spare,
 In honor of my great High-priest ;
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear
 T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release ;
 Uphold me with thy gracious hand ;
 Guide me into thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promised land.

SELECTION 14. (PART I.) L. M.

From the xviii. Psalm of David.

1 No change of time shall ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;
 For thou hast always been my rock,
 A fortress and defence to me.

2 Thou my deliverer art, my God ;
 My trust is in thy mighty power ;
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To thee I will address my prayer,
 To whom all praise we justly owe ;
 So shall I, by thy watchful care,
 Be guarded safe from every foe.

HYMN 127. L. M.

Death of an Infant.

1 As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
 But withers in the rising day ;
 Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
 Thus swiftly fled its life away.

2 It died ere its expanding soul
 Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
 Had ever spurn'd at Heaven's control,
 Or ever quench'd its sacred firea.

3 It died to sin, it died to cares,
 But for a moment felt the rod :
 O mourner, such, the Lord declares,
 Such are the children of our God.

SELECTION 24. L. M.

From the xxix. Psalm of David.

1 Ye that in might and power excel,
 Your grateful sacrifice prepare ;
 God's glorious actions loudly tell,
 His wondrous power to all declare.

2 To his great Name fresh altars raise ;
 Devoutly due respect afford ;
 Him in his holy temple praise,
 Where he's with solemn state adored.

3 'Tis he that, with amazing noise,
 The watery clouds in sunder breaks ;
 The ocean trembles at his voice,
 When he from heaven in thunder speaks.

5 God rules the angry floods on high ;
 His boundless sway shall never cease ;
 His saints with strength he will supply,
 And bless his own with constant peace.

GLORIA PATRI.

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

S. M.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

II. 1.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more.

II. 2.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
And suffering saints on earth adore;
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time itself shall be no more.

II. 3.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth, and all in heaven,
As through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

II. 4.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

II. 5.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.

II. 6.

Eternal praise be given,
And songs of highest worth,

By all the hosts of heaven,
And all the saints on earth,
To God, supreme confess'd,
To Christ, his only Son,
And to the Spirit bless'd,
Eternal Three in One.

II. 7

To Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd
Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
Eternal Three in One confess'd,
Be highest glory given,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore,
By all in earth and heaven.

II. 8.

By all on earth and all in heaven
Be everlasting glory given,
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit; equal Three
In undivided Unity,
Ere time had yet its course begun:
As was, and is, be highest praise,
As still shall be through endless days.

III. 1.

Holy Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now, and evermore shall be!

III. 2.

Praise the Name of God most high,
Praise him all below the sky,
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

III. 3.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

III. 4.

To the Father, throned in heaven,
To the Saviour, Christ, his Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given,
Everlasting Three in One:
As of old, the Trinity
Still is worshipp'd, still shall be.

III. 5.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

MORNING PRAYER.

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

UNISON CHANT.

GREGORIAN EIGHTH TONE.

1.—O COME, let us sing un-to the · Lord : let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our sal- · vation.

2.—Let us come before his presence · with thanks- · giving : and shew ourselves · glad in · him with · psalms.

3.—For the Lord is a= · great · God : and a great · King a- · bove all · gods.

4.—In his hand are all the corners · of the · earth : and the strength of the hills is · his= · also.

5.—The sea is his, · and he · made it : and his hands pre- · pared the · dry = land.

6.—O come, let us worship · and fall · down : and kneel be- · fore the · Lord our · Maker.

7.—For he is the · Lord our · God : and we are the people of his pasture, and the · sheep of · his= · hand.

8.—O worship the Lord in the · beauty of · holiness : let the whole earth · stand in · awe of · him.

9.—For he cometh, for he cometh to · judge the · earth : and with righteousness to judge the world, and the · peo-ple · with his · truth.

Glory be to the Father, · and to the · Son : and to the · Ho-ly · Ghost :
As it was in the beginning, is now, and · ev-er · shall be : world with- · out end · A= men.

No. 2.

SINGLE CHANT.

DOUBLE CHANT.

No. 3.

1st Ending

2d Ending.

Ordit for 1st Ending

No. 4.

DOUBLE CHANT. (When sung antiphonally omit small notes.)

MORNING PRAYER.

Substitute the first three bars.

No. 5.

DOUBLE CHANT.

DEPUIS.

No. 6.

DOUBLE CHANT

BOYCE.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

RESPONSIVE CHANT.

No. 2.

GRAND CHANT.

CANT.

HUMPHREYS.

DEC. (Grand Chant in Tenor, added for antiphonal use.)

1.—WE praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship thee, the Father ever-lasting.

2.—To thee all Angels cry aloud, the Heavens and all the Powers there-
in. To thee Cherubim and Seraphim con-tin-u-al-ly do cry;

3.—Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabaoth; heaven and earth are full
of the Majes-ty of thy Glory.

4.—The glorious company of the Apostles praise thee; the goodly fel-
lowship of the Proph-ets praise thee;

5.—The noble army of Martyrs praise thee; the Holy Church through-
out all the world doth ac-knowl-edge Thee;

6.—The Father of an infinite Majesty; thine adorable, true and on-ly Son.
Also the Holy Ghost the Comfor-ter.

7.—Thou art the King of Glory O Christ. Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

8.—When thou tookest upon thes to deliver man, thou didst humble thyself
to be born of a Virgin. When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,
thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all be-lievers.

9.—Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the Glory of the Father.
We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge.

10.—We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed
with thy pre-cious blood. Make them to be numbered with thy saints, in
glory ev-er-lasting.

11.—O Lord, save thy people and bless thine heritage. Govern them and
lift them up for ever.

12.—Day by day we magnify thee. And we worship thy Name ever
world with-out end.

13.—Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day with-out sin. O Lord, have
mercy upon us, have mer-cy upon us.

14.—O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us as our *trust* is in thee. O Lord, in thee have I trusted, let me *never* be confounded.

GRAND CHANT. (Minor.) (May be used in connection with preceding Chant for Nos. 11, 12, 13.)

CANT.



DEG.

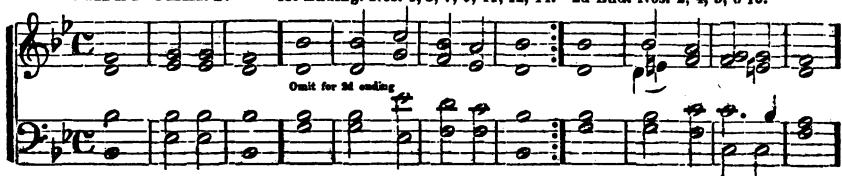


No. 3.

TRIPLE CHANT.

1st Ending. Nos. 1, 3, 7, 9, 11, 12, 14. 2d End. Nos. 2, 4, 5, 6 10.

Chorus.



Nos. 2, 13:



No. 4.

DOUBLE CHANT.

LUDDEN.



SOLI.

CHORUS.



BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA DOMINI.

DOUBLE CHANT.

GREGORIAN, VIIIth Tone.

O ALL ye Works of the Lord, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magnify him for- ever.*

O ye Angels of the Lord, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magnify him for- ever.*

O ye Heavens, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magnify him for- ever.*

O ye Waters that be above the Firmament, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magnify him for- ever.*

O all ye Powers of the Lord, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magnify him for- ever.*

O ye Sun and Moon, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magnify him for- ever.*

O ye Stars of Heaven, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magnify him for- ever.*

O ye Showers and Dew, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magnify him for- ever.*

O ye Winds of God, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magnify him for- ever.*

O ye Fire and Heat, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magnify him for- ever.*

O ye Winter and Summer, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magnify him for- ever.*

O ye Dews and Frosts, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magnify him for- ever.*

O ye Frost and Cold, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magnify him for- ever.*

O ye Ice and Snow, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magnify him for- ever.*

O ye Nights and Days, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magnify him for- ever.*

O ye Light and Darkness, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magnify him for- ever.*

O ye Lightnings and Clouds, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magni-fy him for- ever*.

O let the Earth · *bless the Lord* ; : yea, let it praise him, and · *magni-fy him for- ever*.

O ye Mountains and Hills, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magni-fy him for- ever*.

O all ye Green Things upon the earth, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magni-fy him for- ever*.

O ye Wells, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magni-fy him for- ever*.

O ye Seas and Floods, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magni-fy him for- ever*.

O ye Whales, and all that move in the waters, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magni-fy him for- ever*.

O all ye Fowls of the Air, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magni-fy him for- ever*.

O all ye Beasts and Cattle, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magni-fy him for- ever*.

O ye Children of Men, · *bless ye the Lord* : : praise him, and · *magni-fy him for- ever*.

O let Israel · *bless the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magni-fy him for- ever*.

O ye Priests of the Lord, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magni-fy him for- ever*.

O ye Servants of the Lord, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magni-fy him for- ever*.

O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magni-fy him for- ever*.

O ye holy and humble Men of heart, · *bless ye the Lord* ; : praise him, and · *magni-fy him for- ever*.

Glory be to the father, · and to the · Son, : and · to the · Holy · Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and · ever shall · be, : world without · end.— A— men.

CHANT FOR VENITE.

DOUBLE CHANT. CANT. RANDAZ.

JUBILATE DEO.

UNISON CHANT

GREGORIAN. Vth Tone.

1.—O BE joyful in the Lord, *all ye lands*: serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his *presence* *with a song*.

2.—Be ye sure that the Lord *he is God*: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, *and the sheep of his pasture*.

3.—O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his *courts with praise*: be thankful unto him, and *speak good of his Name*.

4.—For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is *ever-lasting*: and his truth endureth from *generation to generation*.

Glory be to the Father, *and to the Son*: and *to the Holy Ghost*:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and *ever shall be*: world without end. *Amen*.

No. 2.

SINGLE CHANT.

Unison.

GOLDWIN.

No. 3.

DOUBLE CHANT

Responsive.

CALAH.

No. 4.

DOUBLE CHANT. Responsive.

CHARD.

Double Chant. Responsive. CHARD.

CANT. DEG.

No. 5.

DOUBLE CHANT. Responsive.

FISHERBERT.

Double Chant. Responsive. FISHERBERT.

CANT. DEG.

No. 6.

DOUBLE CHANT.

BATTERSHILL.

Double Chant. BATTERSHILL.

BENEDICTUS.

UNISON CHANT.



THE EIGHTH TONE IRREGULAR.

1.—BLESSED be the Lord · *God of Israel* : for he hath visited, · *and re-deemed his people* ;
 2.—And hath raised up a mighty sal- · *ea-tion* · *for us* : in the house · *of his ser-vant David* ;
 3.—As he spake by the mouth of his · *ho-ly Prophets* : which have been · *since the world be- gan* ;
 4.—That we should be saved · *from our enemies* : and from the · *hand of all that hate us*.
 Glory be to the Father · *and to the Son* : and · *to the Ho-ly Ghost* ;
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and · *ev-er- shall be* : world with- · *out end. Amen.*

No. 2.

UNISON CHANT.

GREGORIAN. With Tonic.



No. 3.

SINGLE CHANT.

FARRANT.



No. 4.

SINGLE CHANT. Minor.

FARRANT.



No. 5.

DOUBLE CHANT

DNC.

LANGDON.

CANT.

No. 6.

DOUBLE CHANT

CANT.

WESLEY.

DNC.

No. 7.

DOUBLE CHANT.

Responsive.

BECKWITH.

CANT.

EVENING PRAYER.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. No. 2.

TRIPLE CHANT.

1.—GLORY be to · God on · high : and on earth · peace, good · will tow'rds men.

2.—We praise thee, we bless thee, we · wor-ship · thee : we glorify thee, we give thanks to · thee for · thy great · glory.

3.—O Lord God, · heav'n-ly · King : God the · Fa-ther · Al= · mighty.

4.—O Lord, the only begotten Son · Je-sus · Christ : O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the · Fa-ther.

5.—That takest away the · sins of the · world : have mercy · up-on · us.

6.—Thou that takest away the · sins of the · world : have mercy · up-on · us.

7.—Thou that takest away the · sins of the · world : re- · ceive our · prayer.

8.—Thou that sittest at the right hand of · God the · Father : have mercy · up-on · us.

9.—For thou · only art · Holy : thou · only · art the · Lord.

A - men.

10.—Thou only, O Christ, with the *Ho-ly Ghost*: art most high in the *glory of God the Father*. Amen.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. No. 1.

Glory be to..... God on high, and on earth..... peace, good will towards men.
We praise thee, we... bless thee, we... wor - ship thee, we... give thanks to... thee for thy great glory.

O Lord God,..... heavenly King, God the..... Fa - ther Al - - mighty.
O Lord, the only be - gotten Son... Je - sus Christ, O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.

That takest away the..... sins of the world, have mercy... up + on us,
Thou that takest away the..... sins of the world, have mercy... up + on us,
Thou that takest away the..... sins of the world, re - - - ceive our prayer,
Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the.... Father, have mercy... up + on us.

For thou..... only art Holy, thou..... on - ly art the Lord.
Thou only, O Christ, art most high with the..... Ho - ly Ghost, in the..... glory of God the Father. A - - men.

CANTATE DOMINON.

UNISON CHANT.

GREGORIAN EIGHTH TONE.

1.—O SING unto the · *Lord a new · song* : for · he hath done · marve-lous · things.

2.—With his own right hand, and with his · ho-ly · arm : hath he · gotten him- · self the · victory.

3.—The Lord declared · *his sal- · vation* : his righteousness hath he openly shewed · in the · sight of the · heathen.

4.—He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the · *house of · Israel* : and all the ends of the world have seen the sal- · va-tion · of our · God.

5.—Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, · *all ye · lands* : sing, re- · joice and · give= · thanks.

6.—Praise the Lord up · on the · harp : sing to the harp with a · *psalm of · thanks= · giving*.

7.—With trumpets · also and · shawns : O show yourselves joyful be- · fore the · *Lord the · King*.

8.—Let the sea make a noise, and all that · *there-in is* : the round world, and · *they that · dwell there- · in*.

9.—Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be- · fore the · *Lord* : for he · *cometh to · judge the · earth*.

10.—With righteousness shall he · *judge the · world* : and the · *peo-ple · with= · equity*.

Glory be to the Father, · and to the · Son : and to the · *Ho-ly . Ghost* :
As it was in the beginning, is now, and · ev-er · shall be : world with- · out end · *A= · men*.

No. 2.

RESPONSIVE CHANT.

DR. PRING.

No. 3.

DOUBLE CHANT, Responsive.

FISHERBERT.

CANT.



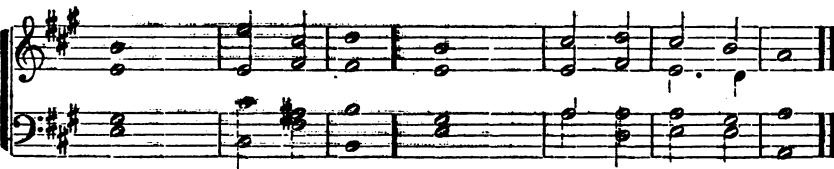
DEG.



No. 4.

DOUBLE CHANT

Nomus.



No. 5.

DOUBLE CHANT.

TUALE.



BONUM EST CONFITERI.

UNISON CHANT.

GREGORIAN. VIIth Tone.



1.—IT is a good thing to give thanks un- · to the Lord : and to sing praises unto thy · name, O · most= · highest.

2.—To tell of thy loving kindness early · in the · morning : and of thy · truth in the · night= · season.

3.—Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- · on the · lute: upon a loud instrument, · and up- · on the · harp.

4.—For thou Lord hast me glad · through thy · works : and I will rejoice in giving praise for the oper- · a-tions · of thy · hands.

Glory be to the Father, · and to the · Son ; and · to the · Ho-ly · Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and · ev-er · shall be : world with- · out end · A= · men.

No. 2.

SINGLE CHANT.

Unison.

GOLDWIN.



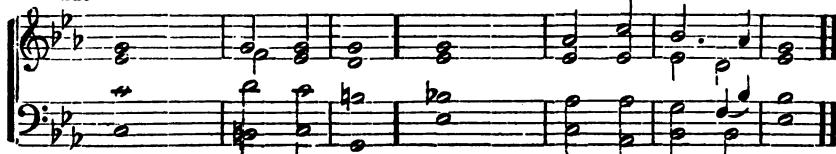
No. 3.

DOUBLE CHANT Responsive.

CANT.



DEC.



No. 4.

DOUBLE CHANT.
CANT.

RANAL.

No. 5.

DOUBLE CHANT

BEATHCOT

No. 6.

DOUBLE CHANT.

MORNINGTON.

DEUS MISERICORDIA.

SINGLE CHANT

GREGORIAN. FIRST TONE.

1.—GOD be merciful unto us and bless us: and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us.

2.—That thy way may be known upon earth: thy saving health among all nations.

3.—Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

4.—O let the nations rejoice and be glad: for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

5.—Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

6.—Then shall the earth bring forth her increase: and God, even our own God shall give us his blessing.

7.—God shall bless us: and all the ends of the world shall fear him.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

No. 2.

SINGLE CHANT.

FARRANT.

No. 3.

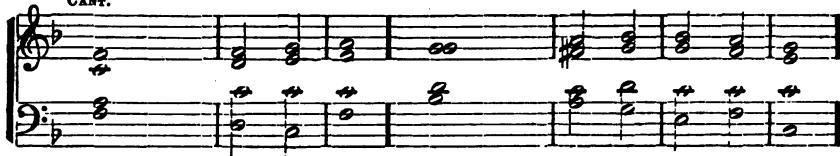
SINGLE CHANT. Minor.

FARRANT.

No. 4.

DOUBLE CHANT.

CANT.

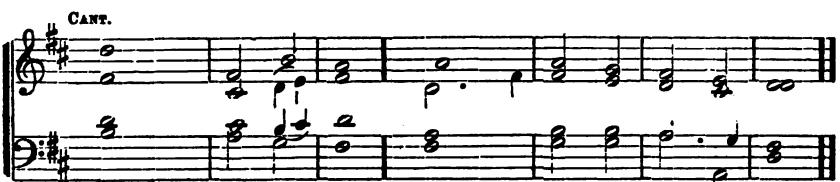


No. 5.

DOUBLE CHANT.

Duo.

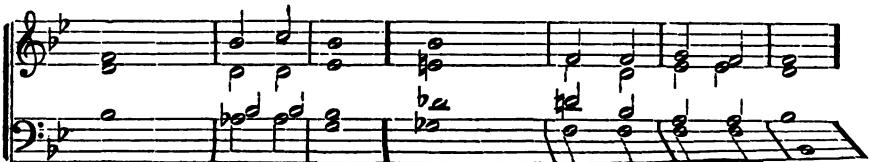
TURLE.



No. 6.

DOUBLE CHANT.

BEETHOVEN.



BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA.

SINGLE CHANT.

ARNOLD.

- 1.—PRAISE the Lord, *O my soul*: and all that is within me *praise his holy Name*.
- 2.—Praise the Lord, *O my soul*: and for *get not all his benefits*.
- 3.—Who forgiveth *all thy sin*: and *heal-eth all thine infirmities*;
- 4.—Who saveth thy *life from destruction*: and crowneth thee with *mercy and loving kindness*.
- 5.—O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that *ex-cel in strength*: ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken unto the *voice of his word*.
- 6.—O praise the Lord, all *ye his hosts*: ye servants of *his that do his pleasure*.
- 7.—O speak good of the Lord, all *ye works of his*, in all places of *his dominion*: Praise thou the *Lord= O my soul*.

Glory be to the Father, *and to the Son*: and *to the Holy Ghost*;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and *ever shall be*: world without *end*. *Amen*.

No. 2.

UNISON CHANT

GREGORIAN. Vth Tone.

No. 3.

DOUBLE CHANT.

Responsive.

WEBER.

CANT.

No. 4.

DOUBLE CHANT. Responsive.
CANT.

HARRIS.

Duo.

No. 5.

DOUBLE CHANT.
CANT.

Duo

No. 6.

DOUBLE CHANT

JACKSON.

COMMUNION SERVICE.

TRISAGION.

W. L.

Therefore with angels and archangels, and with
all the company of heaven, we laud and mag ni - fy thy glo - rious name,
ever - more, prais-ing thee, and say-ing: Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly,
Lord God of Hosts. Heaven and earth are full of thy glory:
Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord most High. A - men. A - men.

RESPONSES.

Responses after the Commandments.

Lord have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep this law.

After the tenth Commandment.

Lord have mercy upon us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech thee.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

RESPONSIVE CHANT.

A musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in common time. The top staff is for 'SOLI.' and the bottom staff is for 'CHORUS.'. Both staves use a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The 'SOLI.' part consists of a single melodic line, while the 'CHORUS.' part features a harmonic progression with chords indicated by Roman numerals and bass notes.

1.—GLORY be to • *God on high* : and on earth • *peace*, & *god will tow'rd's men*.
2.—We praise thee, we bless thee, we • *wor-ship thee* : we glorify thee, we give thanks to • *thee for thy great glory*.

No. 3, 4.

No. 5, 6, 7, 8.

3.—O Lord God, heavenly King : God the Father Almighty.
4.—O Lord, the only begotten Son Jesus Christ : O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.
5.—That takest away the sins of the world : have mercy upon us.
6.—Thou that takest away the sins of the world : have mercy upon us.
7.—Thou that takest away the sins of the world : receive our prayer.
8.—Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father : have mercy upon us.

SINGLE CHANT.

A musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp. The melody line consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, primarily in the treble clef staff. The bass line provides harmonic support, with notes primarily in the bass clef staff. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

9.—For thou only art Holy: thou only art the Lord.
10.—Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost: art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

PSALM FOR EASTER DAY

In place of the Venite.

1.—CHRIST our passever is *sacrificed for us*: therefore *let us keep the feast*:

2.—Not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of *malice and wickedness* : but with the unleavened bread : of *simplicity and truth*.

3.—CHRIST being raised from the dead, dieth no more: death hath no more dominion over him.

4.—For in that he died, he died unto *sin* = *once* : but in that he liveth, he *liv-eth* = *un-to* = *God*.

5.—Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed *un-to* = *sin* : but alive unto God through *Je-sus* = *Christ our Lord*.

6.—CHRIST is risen *from the dead* : and become the first *fruits of them that slept*.

7.—For since by *man came death* : by man came also the resur- *rec-tion of the dead*.

8.—For as in *Adam all die* : even so in Christ shall *all be made a-live*. Glory be to the Father, *and to the Son* : and *to the Ho-ly Ghost* ; As it was in the beginning, is now, and *ev-er shall be* : world with- *out end*. *A=men*.

LAUDATE DOMINUM.

For the Thirtieth Day.

1.—O PRAISE God in his *ho-li-ness* : praise him in the *firma-ment of his power*.

2.—Praise him in his *no-ble acts* : praise him according *to his excel-lent greatness*.

3.—Praise him in the *sound of the trumpet* : praise him up- *on the lute and harp*.

4.—Praise him in the *cymbals and dances* : praise him up- *on the strings and pipe*.

5.—Praise him upon the *well tuned cymbals* : praise him up- *on the loud= cymbals*.

6.—Let every thing that hath breath *praise the Lord* : let every thing that *hath breath praise the Lord*.

Glory be to the Father, *and to the Son* : and *to the Ho-ly Ghost* ; As it was in the beginning, is now, and *ev-er shall be* : world with- *out end*. *A=men*.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Instead of the "Venite, exultemus Domino."

1.—PRAISE ye the Lord : for it is good to sing praises un- *to our God* : for it is pleasant, and *praise is come= ly*.

2.—The Lord doth build up *Je-ru-sa-lem* : he gathereth together the out- *casts of Is-ra-el*.

3.—He healeth those that are *broken in heart* : and *bindeth up their wounds*.

4.—He covereth the heaven with clouds, and prepareth rain *for the earth* : he maketh the grass to grow up- *on the moun-tains*.

5.—He giveth to the *beast his food* ; and to the young *ra-vens which cry*.

6.—Praise the Lord, O *Je-ru-sa-lem* : praise thy *God, O Si-on*.

7.—For he hath strengthened the bars *of thy gates* : he hath blessed thy *children within thee*.

8.—He maketh peace *in thy borders* : and filleth thee with the *finest of the wheat*.

Glory be to the Father, *and to the Son* : and *to the Ho-ly Ghost*.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world with- *out end*. *A=men*.

SINGLE CHANT.



BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Before the Lesson.

- 1.—LORD, let me know my end, and the number *of my days*: that I may be certified how *long I have to live*.
- 2.—Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in *respect of thee*: and verily every man living *is altogether vanity*.
- 3.—For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth him *self in vain*: he heappeth up riches, and cannot *tell who shall gather them*.
- 4.—And now, Lord, *what is my hope*: truly my *hope is even in thee*.
- 5.—Deliver me from all *mine of fences*: and make me not a *re-buke unto the foolish*.
- 6.—When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth *fretting a garment*: every man *therefore is but vanity*.
- 7.—Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears con- *sider my calling*: hold not thy *peace at my tears*.
- 8.—For I am a *stranger with thee*: and a sojourner as *all my fathers were*.
- 9.—O spare me a little, that I may re- *cover my strength*: before I go hence, *and be no more seen*.
- 10.—Lord, thou hast *been our refuge*: from one genera- *tion to another*.
- 11.—Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the *world were made*: thou art God from everlasting, and *world without end*.
- 12.—Thou turnest man *to destruction*: again thou sayest, Come a- *gain, ye children of men*.
- 13.—For a thousand years in thy sight are *but as yesterday*: seeing that is past *as a watch in the night*.
- 14.—As soon as thou scatterest them they are even *as a sleep*: and fade away *suddenly like the grass*.
- 15.—In the morning it is green, and *groweth up*: but in the evening it is cut down, *dried up, and withered*.
- 16.—For we consume away in *thy displeasure*: and are afraid at thy *wrathful indig- nation*.
- 17.—Thou hast set our mis- *deeds before thee*: and our secret sins in the *light of thy countenance*.
- 18.—For when thou art angry, all our *days are gone*: we bring our years to an end, as it *were a tale that is told*.
- 19.—The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but *labor and sorrow*: so soon passeth it a- *way, and we are gone*.
- 20.—So teach us to *number our days*: that we may apply our *hearts unto wisdom*.—(Glory be to the Father, &c.)

GLORIA TIBI

No. 1.

Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord, Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord.

No. 2.

Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord Full organ with reeds.

GLORIA PATRIA. No. 1.

Cant.

W. L.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the

Dec.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly Ghost, As it was in the be - gin - ning, is

Chorus.

now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.

GLORIA PATRI. No. 2.

V. C. TAYLOR.

Glor-y be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son and to the Ho-ly Ghost, As it

was in the be-gin-ning is now and ev-er shall be, world without end, A-men, A-men.

GLORIA PATRI. No. 3.

W. L.

Allegro.

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the

Ho-ly, the Ho-ly Ghost, As it was in the be-gin-ning, is

now, and ev-er shall be, world without end, world without end, A-men.

Rit.

GLORIA PATRI. No. 4.

Glory be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly
Ghost, As it was in the be-gin-ning, Is now, and ev-er
shall be, world with-out end, world with-out end. A-men.

Glory be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly
Ghost, As it was in the be-gin-ning, Is now, and ev-er
shall be, world with-out end, world with-out end. A-men.

Glory be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly
Ghost, As it was in the be-gin-ning, Is now, and ev-er
shall be, world with-out end, world with-out end. A-men.

GLORIA PATRI. No. 5.

Arranged from Mozart.

ff
f
ff
Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the
Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost, As it was in the be-gin-ning, Is now, and ev-er
shall be, world with-out end, world with-out end. A-men.

pno. 8va. 8va.

(No. 5 continued.)

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) and piano. The vocal parts are in soprano, alto, and bass clef, with dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The piano part is in bass clef and includes pedal markings 'ped.' and 'ped.'. The lyrics are: 'Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost. Glo - - ry be to the'.

A musical score for three voices and basso continuo. The top staff is soprano, the middle staff is alto, and the bottom staff is bass. The lyrics 'Fa . . . ther, and to the Son, and to the' are written above the staves. The bass staff has several 'ped.' markings. The score is in common time, with a key signature of one flat.

(No. 5 continued.)

Ho - ly Ghost, As it was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er

ped.

shall be, world with - out end. Is now, and ev - er shall be, is

As it was in the be - gin - ning, is

ped. 8va.

(No. 5 concluded.)



now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - ...
now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end.

ped. 8va.



... men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

ped. 8va.

GLORIA PATRI No. 6.

MORART. Adapted by J. H. JONES.

Adagio.

Soli. *p*

Adagio. Full to 15. *p swell.*
*choir. *dulciana**

glo - ry to the Son, Glo - ry, glo - ry

choir. *swell.* choir. *swell.* choir.

(No. 6 continued.)

to the Son,
Chorus *f*
ry, to the Son, Glo - ry, glo - ry
- ry to the Son,

This musical score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are soprano and alto voices, and the bottom two are bass and tenor voices. The vocal parts are accompanied by a piano, indicated by the treble and bass staves with their respective clefs and a piano symbol. The vocal parts sing "to the Son," followed by a forte dynamic "Chorus *f*," then "ry, to the Son, Glo - ry, glo - ry," and finally "- ry to the Son." The piano part provides harmonic support throughout the section.

to the Ho - - ly Ghost,

to the Ho - - ly Ghost, Glo - ry, glo - ry

This musical score consists of four staves of music, continuing from the previous section. The vocal parts sing "to the Ho - - ly Ghost," followed by "Glo - ry, glo - ry." The piano part provides harmonic support throughout the section.

(No. 6 continued.)

be to the Fa - ther, and and to the to Son,

Trumpet.

and to the Ho - - ly Ghost;

Allegro.

ped.

(Gloria Patri No. 6, continued.)

(Gloria Patri No. 6, continued.)

glo - ry, glo - - ry
 be to the Son, glo - ry be to the Son,
 glo - ry, glo - - ry
 be to the Son, Glo - ry

and to the Ho - ly Ghost,

p swell.

(Gloria Patri No. 6, continued.)

As it was in the be - gin - ning, is now, is

now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out

Gt. organ.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics are integrated into the melody. The organ accompaniment is indicated in the bass staff.

(Gloria Patri No. 6, concluded.)

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system includes a treble clef line and a bass clef line, with a piano accompaniment line below. The vocal parts are in common time. The first system concludes with the lyrics "end, A - - - - men, world with-out" and ends with a double bar line. The second system begins with "end, A - - - - men." The piano accompaniment features sustained notes and chords.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

MAESTOSO.

Arranged from KRAUTZER, by W. LUDDEN, in 1848.

The musical score consists of four staves of music, divided into three parts by brace lines. The first part starts with a forte dynamic and a tempo of Maestoso. The lyrics are: "Glo - ry to God in the high - est; and on earth peace, good will to men." The second part begins with a piano dynamic (mp) and a tempo of Allegro. The lyrics are: "Glo - ry to God in the high - est, and on earth peace, good will to men. We". The third part begins with a forte dynamic and a tempo of Allegro. The lyrics are: "praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, Glo - ry to God in the high - est—we". The fourth part concludes with a forte dynamic and a tempo of Allegro. The lyrics are: "praise, we give thanks to thee, for thy great glo - ry. Glo - ry to God in the". The music features various dynamics (f, p, mp) and tempos (Maestoso, Allegro).

(Gloria in Excelsis, continued.)

high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est,

Slower. mp

O Lord God, Heavenly King! God the Fa - ther Al - migh-ty.

O Lord, the only begotton Son Jesus Christ, O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,

SOLO.

CHORUS.

That takest away the..... sins of the world, have mercy up - on us.
 Thou that takest away the..... sins of the world, have mercy up - on us.
 Thou that takest away the..... sins of the world, re - ceive ... our prayer.
 Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy up - on us.

(Gloria in Excelsis, concluded.)

For Thou, on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly art the Lord, Thou on - ly, o

Christ, with the Ho - ly Ghost, Thou only, O Christ, with the Ho - ly Ghost, Art most

mf

high in the glo - ry of God, in the glo - ry of God the Fa - ther, in the

glo - ry of God, the Fa - ther. A - men, A - men, A - - - men.

mp

VENITE EXULTEMUS DOMINA.

In part from CHAPPLER.

O come, let us sing un - to the Lord; O come, let us sing un - to 'the
 come, let us sing un - to the Lord, Let us heart - i - ly re - joice,
 Lord, O come, let us sing un - to the Lord, Let us
 heart - i - ly re - joice in the strength of our sal - ve - tion. Let us
 come be - fore his pres - ence, Let us come be - fore his pres - ence with thanks
 - giv - ing; Come be - fore his pres - ence, let us come be - fore his

(Venite Exultemus Domino, continued.)

presence with thanksgiv-ing, And show our-selves glad, And show our-selves And

glad, And show our-selves glad, And show our-selves glad in
show our-selves glad, And show our-selves glad in in

CHO. *Largo.*

him with psalms. For the Lord is a great God, and a great

King, a - bove all gods. In his hand are all the

ACCOMP.

cor - ners of the earth, and the strength of the hills is his al - so, The

(Venite Exultemus Domino, continued.)

sea is his, and he made it; and his hands pre-par-ed the dry land.

SOLI. *m* CHO. *f*

O come, let us wor-ship, O come, let us wor-ship, O come, let us
Come, let us wor-ship, Come, let us wor-ship, Come, let us

p Largo. SOLL. *Andante. p*

wor-ship, and fall down. And kneel be-fore the Lord, our

CHO. *mp*

Mak-er, for he is the Lord, the Lord our God. And we are the

peo-ple, the peo-ple of his pas-ture, And the sheep, the

(Venite Exultemus Domino, continued.)

DUET.

sheep of his hand. O wor - ship the Lord, in the beau - ty of

TENOR.

ho - li - ness, O wor - ship the Lord, in the beau - ty of ho - li - ness.

CHO. f

Let the whole earth stand, stand in awe of

TENOR RECIT. Adagio.

him. For he com-eth, For he

com - eth to judge the earth, And with righteousness to judge the

(Venite Exultemus Domino, concluded,)

CHO. *Allegro. f*

world, and the peo - ple with his truth. Glo - ry be to the

Fa - ther, to the Son, Glo - ry be to the

and to the Son, Inst. f

Fa - ther, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly, the

Ho - ly Ghost. As it was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er

shall be, world with - out end, world with - out end. A - men.

ff *mf Rit.*

**JUBILATE.
CHORUS.**

Selected from MENDELSSOHN and Dr. CLARKE.

O be joy - ful in the Lord, All ye lands, all, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with glad - ness, the Lord

Serve the Lord with glad - ness, with glad - ness, Serve the Lord with

CANT.

glad - ness, and come be - fore his pres - ence with a song. Be ye

Duo.

sure that the Lord, he is good. It is he that hath made us, and not

CANT.

we our - selves. We are his peo - ple, We are his

(Jubilate, continued.)

CHO.

people, and the sheep of his pasture, And the sheep of his

pas - ture. O, go your way in - to his gates with thanks - giv - ing.

And in - to his courts with praise, be thank - ful un - to

him, and speak good of his name. For the Lord is gra -

... cious, his mer - cy is ev - er - last - ing, and his truth en -

For the Lord is gra - close.

(Jubilate, concluded.)

dur - eth from gen - e - ra - tion to gen - e - ra - tion.
 from gen - e - ra - tion to, &c.

CHO.
 Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the
 Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the

Fa - ther,
 Son, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly
 Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther,

Ghost. As it was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er
 As it was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er

Adagio.

shall be, and ev - er, ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - men.
 now, and ev - er, ev - er, &c

BENEDICTUS. Festival Anthem.

Arranged from LAMBOLOTTE for this work by J. H. JONES.

Largo e Religioso.

Bless - ed, bless - ed be the Lord God,
 Bless - ed be the Lord God of Is - ra - el, Bless - ed be the Lord God of

p *m* *Orc.* *f* *ff*

p *Orc.* *m Orc.* *mf* *ff*

Is - ra-el, For he hath vis - it-ed his peo - ple, and redeem'd, redeem'd his
SOLO.
peo - ple, and hath raised up a mighty sal - va - tion, A mighty sal - va - tion
SOLO.
for us In..... the house of his ser - vant Da - vid,

As..... he spoke..... by..... his proph - ets,

Orc.

Which have been since the world be - gan, That we should be

Orc.

sav - ed, That we should be sav - ed from our en - emies, and from the hand of all that

Ped.

hate us.

Allegro Moderato.

Ped.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther,

Ped.

Glo - ry to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost,

m

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

to the Ho - ly Ghost, As it was in the be - gin - ning,

As it was, As it

As it was in the be - gin - ning,

As it was in the be - gin - ning,

was, Is now, and ev - er shall be,

world with-out end, As 'twas, is now, and ev - er shall be, world

ff f ff

ff f ff

Ped.

with - - out end, now, is now, and ev-er shall... be,
As 'twas, is now,..... and ev-er shall be,
world with - out end. A - - - - men,
A - - - - men, A - - - - men.
in - - - - on - - - - do.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in G major, the middle staff in G major, and the bottom staff in G major. The music includes various dynamics such as **ff**, **ff**, **Dim.**, **p**, and **pp**. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with the first two lines appearing in the top staff and the remaining lyrics in the middle staff. The bottom staff contains a continuous rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

DEUS MISERICRATOR.

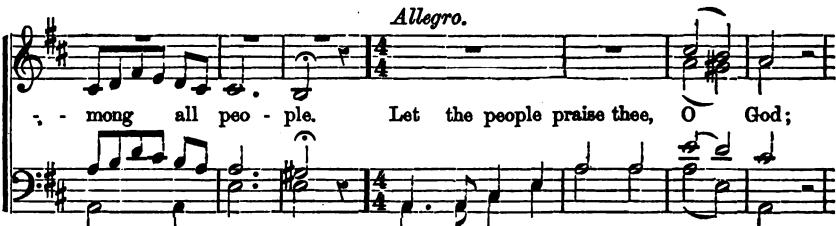
G. KINGSLY

God be merciful, be mer - ci - ful un - to us, and bless us; and show us the

light of his countenance, and be mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful un - to us.

TENOR OR ALTO.

That thy way may be known, be known upon earth; thy sav - ing health a -



mong all peo - ple. Let the people praise thee, O God;



Yea, let all the peo - ple praise thee, O, let the nations rejoice and be

glad; for thou shalt judge the peo - ple righteous - ly, and gov - ern the
 na - tions up - on earth. Let the people praise thee, O God;
 yea, let all the peo - ple praise thee. Then shall the earth bring forth her
 increase, and God, even our own God, shall give us his bless - ing.
 God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

(measures 1-5)

(measures 6-10)

(measures 11-15)

(measures 16-20)

(measures 21-25)

(measures 26-30)

(measures 31-35)

(measures 36-40)

(measures 41-45)

(measures 46-50)

(measures 51-55)

(measures 56-60)

(measures 61-65)

(measures 66-70)

(measures 71-75)

(measures 76-80)

(measures 81-85)

(measures 86-90)

(measures 91-95)

(measures 96-100)

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, glo - ry, and to the Son, glo -
ry, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, glo - ry, as it was in the be -
gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end,.... A - men.
A - men.



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